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THE GRAPHIC.

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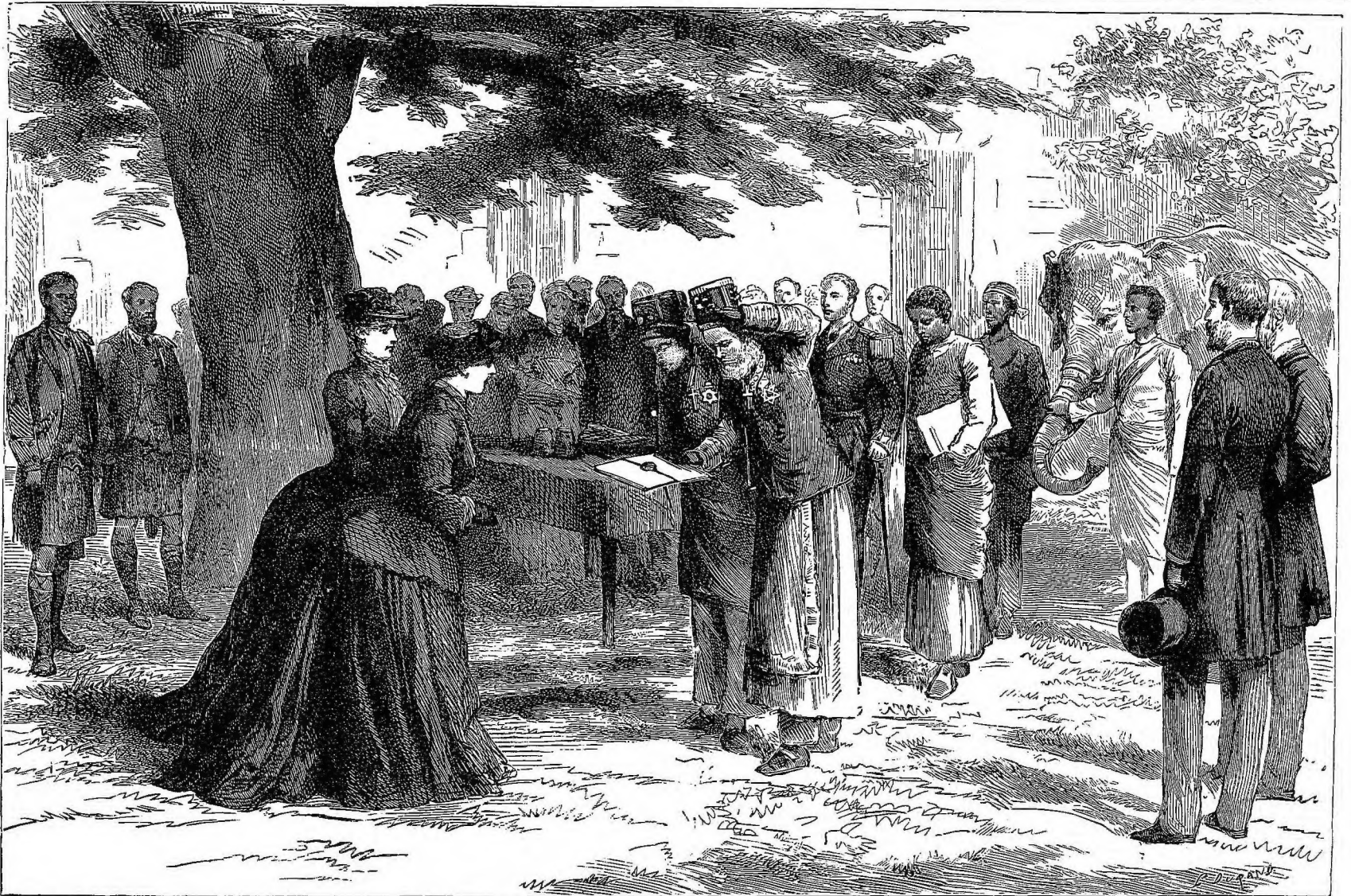
THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 770.—VOL. XXX.
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DE LUXE

SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1884

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ENVOYS FROM ABYSSINIA PRESENTING KING JOHN'S GIFTS TO QUEEN VICTORIA AT OSBORNE



THE INDIAN FAKIR AND HIS MODERN IMITATOR—"MAJOR" TUCKER, OF THE SALVATION ARMY, CONVERSING WITH A HINDOO FAKIR

Topics of the Week

THE FRENCH AT FOOCHOW.—According to the French Admiral's report, some three thousand Chinese were killed or wounded during the Foochow bombardment, while only six Frenchmen lost their lives. Such figures do not indicate a "glorious victory." Still, the affair was by no means a mere "massacre," nor, as a contemporary styles it, with humorous exaggeration, "a contest between a garden-roller and an earthworm." The Chinese seem to have possessed a respectable force of ships, armed with modern weapons, and supported by heavily-armed forts and batteries. No amount, however, of scientific apparatus will make up for the lack of human skill and energy. Despite their European and American officers, the Chinese, from a military point of view, resemble the rich cockney who goes to the moors provided with every appliance from the gunsmith's shop, yet never brings down a head of grouse unless they happen to "fly into it," as the gruff old gamekeeper said. Nevertheless, it would be rash to prophesy that, because the contending parties are so unequally matched, the contest will therefore be short. It may be very easy to maim and kill a number of individual Chinese, but it is by no means so easy to make the Chinese Government feel the stress of war. Something may be done in this direction by the impoundment of the customs' duties. This, however, involves operations like those at Foochow at every treaty-port. Such a course of proceedings will bring terrible risk to the European settlers at these places. Chinamen, unless personally interested, care little probably for the Imperial dynasty, but they have a good deal of local patriotism. And if the French should, for example, attack the Canton strongholds, the proverbially turbulent population of that city would be extremely likely to vent their rage on the "foreign devils" in the factories. The French have, we think, a right to feel angry at some of our newspaper articles last Monday; they come with very bad grace from a nation which has permitted Mr. Gladstone and his virtuous colleagues to slaughter hundreds of Egyptians and Soudanese; but, at the same time, we fervently wish our neighbours had kept out of this Chinese imbroglio. If the war should be prolonged, it will be difficult for us to avoid being mixed up in the squabble, and it will be calamitous whichever side we take. If the French can contrive to carry on the war without dislocating trade, or causing the slaughter of the white inhabitants of the treaty-ports, they will have done what almost amounts to a miracle.

MR. GLADSTONE IN MIDLOTHIAN.—Mr. Gladstone's speeches in Midlothian will, of course, be read with general interest, but he will probably be disappointed if he expects that they will produce as deep an impression as those delivered during the famous Midlothian campaign. Then almost everything was in his favour. Lord Beaconsfield's Government had lost its early popularity, and the great Liberal orator was able to contrast its rather poor performances with his own magnificent promises. Now the time has come for asking whether his promises have been fulfilled, and Mr. Gladstone's rhetoric will not conceal the fact that the question cannot be satisfactorily answered. During the last four years not a single measure of the first rank has been passed for the benefit of England and Scotland, and although much has been done for Ireland the discontented classes in that country are as hostile to English rule to-day as they were when the Liberals were returned to power. In South Africa blunder after blunder has been committed; and even the most loyal of Mr. Gladstone's followers do not pretend that his policy in Egypt has been successful. Our relations to foreign Powers are not nearly so good as they were in Lord Beaconsfield's time. The Germans are talking and writing about us in a tone of extraordinary bitterness, and we cannot console ourselves by reflecting that we have the goodwill of France, for Frenchmen have seldom been more keenly irritated against England than they are at the present moment. It will be difficult for Mr. Gladstone to show that he is in no way responsible for these results. That he has been in some respects unlucky is true enough; but ill-luck will certainly not account for all his failures, and even if it did so he would hardly excite enthusiasm by proving that the stars in their courses have been fighting against him. The utmost he can hope to do is to give sound reasons for believing that if Lord Salisbury were in office the situation would not be improved. That is in a high degree probable, and it is the chief explanation of the hold which Mr. Gladstone still has over the country.

AMBASSADOR TO BERLIN.—The late Lord Amthill owed a great deal of his success to his knowledge of modern languages, and a fine opening exists now for any diplomatist speaking German as he did. Without repeating the cant against classical education in our schools, it may be pointed out that too many Englishmen, having laid for themselves a most solid foundation of Greek and Latin acquirements, fail to build anything upon it afterwards. There is no such good linguist as the man who has prepared himself for a study of modern tongues by a sound course of classics—and this is what Odo Russell did; but he enjoyed exceptional opportunities through having been educated "at home and abroad," as his father was a diplomatist. Had he passed through the

Westminster curriculum of forty years ago, under Dr. Williamson and Dr. Liddell, he probably would not have won till late in life his almost unique reputation as a linguist. It will be remembered that his uncle, Lord John—afterwards Earl—Russell, could not speak a sentence of French, and was much inconvenienced by this ignorance when he was Foreign Secretary. It is very necessary that Lord Amthill's successor at Berlin should know German well, and this for two reasons: Prince Bismarck does not talk English fluently, and no diplomatic business can be successfully transacted at Berlin except by talking with the Chancellor. At one time Herr von Bismarck rather prided himself on his knowledge of French; but since the war he has affected repugnance to speak that language, and, as we know, he has discarded it as the official tongue of diplomacy. All the despatches issued from the Berlin Chancellery are drawn up in German, and it would be humiliating that a British Ambassador should have to depend upon a secretary for translation of these often astutely-worded documents. But another thing to be borne in mind is that a British Ambassador at the Prussian Court must be, like a Fellow of All Souls, *bene natus*. He may be a shrewd man of business, and an expert linguist; but, unless he be *Kur-fähig*, as the Germans say, he will never get into that inner circle where the strings of peace and war are pulled. Even Republican France has discovered this, and it was very disagreeable to M. Gambetta when Count de Saint Vallier resigned his Ambassadorship. Happily a well-escutcheoned successor was found for the Count in Baron de Courcel.

IRELAND AND INDIA.—Everybody has heard the venerable conundrum: "What is the difference between India and Ireland?—In the one ryots raise paddy; in the other Paddy raises riots." Formerly one would have said that there was not much more similarity between the two countries than is implied in the above verbal jingle; but now unpleasant points of likeness have begun to make themselves manifest. In Ireland—especially in that part of Ireland which is located in the United States—there is a venomous Press, perpetually engaged in breathing out threatenings and slaughter against all who are loyal to the Imperial connection; in India many of the Vernacular papers are equally spiteful, abounding in slanders and misrepresentations against England and Englishmen. At present, perhaps, the poison does not spread so widely and deeply in India as in Ireland, for the simple reason that the bulk of the peasantry are too poor and too illiterate to take in a paper. The Liberty of the Press is a good catch-phrase for a popular orator; but, if it be true that the pen is mightier than the sword, it is difficult to understand why he who stabs with the former weapon should not be restrained as much as he who stabs with the latter. It is very questionable whether the mass of the Irish, any more than the mass of the natives of India, are really fit for constitutional liberty. Such privileges as a free Press, trial by jury, and Parliamentary franchise are only fit for men who are loyal to the Crown, respectful of the law, and tolerant of their neighbours' political and religious opinions. Yet we insist on bestowing these boons on the Irish, shackling them, however, with Coercion Acts. They use the boons, as far as they can, for their own purposes, while they hate us for the Coercion Acts. What other Legislature in the world would tolerate such a spectacle as that exhibited nightly in the House of Commons, where the unfortunate Chief Secretary solemnly gets up to answer a series of questions which are solely put for the purpose of causing irritation or wasting time? What other Government in the world would be at the trouble carefully to explain to a Roman Catholic Archbishop that the witnesses in the Maamtrasna murder case were not intimidated by the Crown into the commission of perjury? Both in Ireland and in India our officials would act wisely if they were to resolve to do what they believe to be right, without caring for the misrepresentations of agitators and malcontents.

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM IN AMERICA.—In an interesting letter to the *Times* the other day, Mr. W. J. Stillman expressed his belief that "the key of the whole problem of Government in the United States of America lies simply in the reform of the Civil Service." This conviction seems to be making way rapidly among our Transatlantic kinsfolk, and it may be hoped that it will determine the result of the approaching Presidential election. The curse of American politics is that so great a part can be played by the class known as the professional politicians. If we may trust what is said by the Americans themselves, these people care nothing for the public welfare, and do not scruple to use for their private benefit the powers which are granted to them for national objects. As long as the foremost place in politics belongs to them, it is impossible that such questions as those connected with Protection and Free Trade can be fairly considered; and, indeed, Americans have hitherto considered themselves fairly well off when their affairs have been administered without open scandal. The professional politicians owe their influence almost wholly to the fact that the Civil Service as at present established provides them with practically unlimited means of bribery. According to Mr. Stillman, there is a large voting population "whose votes acknowledge no principle, and are, on the average, worth about 12. each." These electors would probably take no part in political agitation if they could make nothing by it; and thus honest men would have a chance of securing fair representation. The advocates of civil reform are, therefore,

attempting to strike at the root of the danger by which their country is threatened; and they deserve the cordial sympathy of all who wish well to the mighty Republic.

THE LAW'S DELAY.—The cry is that we want more Judges, and the next cry will be that we must have them. When the Courts rose for the Long Vacation the Cause List was full to overflowing, and now we have suitors complaining of the grievous expense and trouble to which they have been put by dancing attendance in the 'Strand' throughout the summer (in the hope that their cases would come on for hearing), and having to renew this fatiguing exercise next autumn. Doubtless it will be recognised some day that the Courts ought never to be closed at all for more than a week at a time. Individual judges and barristers should take their holidays like other professional men, but a general migration of the judicial body is as absurd a thing as a universal closing of doctors' consulting rooms or of chemists' shops would be. Justice is often no justice if it be delayed. It is the very essence of justice that it should offer a complete remedy at once for a man who has suffered wrong; and in these busy times a total suspension of sittings for two months has the disadvantage of so accumulating causes that Judges cannot get through their work in Term time. Another reason for appointing more Judges lies in the inordinate length to which trials are allowed to stretch nowadays. Whether this be owing to the increasing prolixity of judges, barristers, and witnesses, or whether it be owing to the fact that improved means of communication now enable suitors to bring into Court far many more witnesses than was formerly the case, it is certain that two-day trials are now the rule rather than the exception, and that trials occupying from a week to a fortnight occur every Term. Now one such trial blocks all the business of a Court like a breakdown on a main line of rail. The Judges have tried to cope with this difficulty by lessening the time of circuit; but their experiment of grouping counties for assize purposes is convenient only to Bench and Bar. To suitors and witnesses in Kent, for instance, who have to travel to Suffolk for justice, and to remain there an uncertain number of days at great loss of time and money, the arrangement is simply disastrous. Five new Judges would probably set all this straight.

EDUCATION AND CRIME.—It is cheering to learn from the Report of the Commissioners of Prisons that a superstition once dear to the official mind has at length been exploded. The superstition was that illiteracy bred crime; and statistical wiseacres from time to time published elaborate tables calculated to show that the majority of convicts could not read or write, and that, *ergo*, ignorance of "the three R's" was an incentive to crime. The real fact is that, till comparatively speaking a recent date, reading and writing were rare accomplishments among the poorer classes, and as the poor are numerically the preponderating class, the number of literate offenders against the laws was proportionately few. In honest truth education, as the word is commonly used, has little or no effect on crime. It may possibly prevent some rare offences, such as spring from ignorance, as, for example, drowning a supposed witch; but, on the other hand, from the artificial wants which it engenders, and the discontent which it breeds, it actually fosters offences against property. Forgery, it is plain, cannot be committed by an illiterate person; and, partly on this account, and partly on account of the death penalty attaching to it, it used to be a rare offence, and one regarded with a certain horror; now it is of common everyday occurrence. The only real safeguard against crime is the inculcation of sound religious principles; though, of course, numbers of persons are kept in the paths of rectitude by prudential motives, or because they have never met with a sufficiently strong temptation. It is a great credit to the poor and struggling that they are as honest as they are, considering the tremendous temptations by which, especially in large cities, they are constantly surrounded.

THE PEERS AND THE FRANCHISE BILL.—When the agitation in favour of the Franchise Bill began, it was pretty generally assumed that the Lords would not venture to reject the measure a second time. It is now by no means certain that this anticipation will prove to be correct. In the first place, important as the Liberal agitation has been, it has not been quite so enthusiastic as it was expected to be. Radical orators have failed to convince the country that the Conservatives are in principle opposed to the extension of the suffrage, and their attacks on the House of Lords have been watched with much uneasiness by their Whig allies. Again, the Conservatives have also shown that they know how to "demonstrate." They have responded zealously to the call of their leaders, and it is clear that in whatever course Lord Salisbury may choose to adopt, he will have the support of the vast majority of those who usually follow him. All this may encourage the Conservative Peers to persist in their present policy, and there can be no doubt that if they do so they will create a most difficult political situation. The difficulty might be overcome by an appeal to the country; but Mr. Gladstone will certainly not have recourse to this solution until he has made for himself a rather better "record" in Egypt. Nor would he consent under any circumstances to introduce a Redistribution Bill with the Franchise Bill, since he could not without humiliation withdraw his statement that the two measures must be dealt with

separately. It may be hoped, however, that before the Autumn Session he will at least do what he can to overcome the opposition of the Conservatives by explaining his intentions as to Redistribution. On this subject he has spoken only once, and then he confined himself to the exposition of a few general principles. It is possible that if he devoted one of his Midlothian speeches to a thorough discussion of the question, some of the more moderate Tories might even yet abandon their resistance to the method of procedure which has caused so much unpleasant excitement.

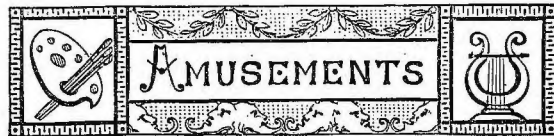
THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.—When it was first announced that the British Association would hold its annual meeting at Montreal this year, objections were raised on the ground that many of the principal members would be unwilling to cross the Atlantic for the mere sake of hearing a few papers read. Papers, however, were not the only inducements offered by a journey to Canada, and so our leading scientists have bravely taken ship. What is more, so many persons were suddenly smitten with a scientific ardour for crossing the Atlantic at reduced steamship fares that the Association had some months ago to decline admitting new members till further notice. Whether pure science is likely to be advanced by the grand meetings, picnics, trips, and minor incidents of Canadian hospitality is doubtful; but that practical science which consists in enlarging one's circle of friendships, sympathies, and pleasant duties will certainly be furthered. Englishmen know too little about their colonies, and colonists are apt to resent this ignorance as a want of interest. But there is really no indifference in the matter. England stands in relation to her colonies as a mother towards strong sons, independent and somewhat touchy as to being kept in leading-strings. To dictate to them is out of the question, and to proffer advice is often difficult. But agreeable intercourse between Englishmen and colonists is sure to draw the bonds of union closer for the common good; and if the British Association, by its meeting at Montreal, helps this desirable consummation, it might be wished that it could hold some of its future meetings in the various Indian Presidencies. It is a reproach to our members of Parliament that so few of them take any pains to master Indian affairs, for India is not like Canada, a colony that can be left to go its own way. It is a dependency requiring guidance, support, and control. Politicians who fail to see this, and leave Indian affairs to be dealt with by a few specialists, are responsible for a great deal of mischief, not the least of which is that specialists, being so ready to raise grievances, are not often believed when they call attention to real wrongs.

EGYPT AND THE ENGLISH GOVERNMENT.—The country has at last some reason to hope that definite steps will be taken for the relief of General Gordon. Even yet the Government is not absolutely persuaded that an expedition will be necessary; but it has at any rate begun to make vigorous preparations, and the presence of Lord Wolseley in Egypt will be a sufficient guarantee that, if the work is to be done, it will be done well. The appointment of Lord Wolseley to the temporary command of our forces in that country may probably be taken as an indication that the failure of the Conference is really to lead to a wholly new policy. In its dealings with Egypt the Government has hitherto succeeded only in bringing discredit upon itself and upon England; and it is not at all certain that it would be permitted to act much longer on the old lines. All Europe is interested in the welfare of the Egyptian people, and there have been many signs lately that, if we do not fulfil our duty towards them, we shall soon be asked pretty plainly what particular right we have to forbid the interference of other Powers. We might resent such a question as much as we pleased; but it would be mere folly to suppose that we could resist the pressure of a coalition headed by Prince Bismarck. Fortunately, our chances of success are not yet altogether exhausted. If the Government is resolute, it may still hope to establish order in Egypt, and to protect the country effectually against the encroachments of the Mahdi. Should it take full advantage of its opportunity even at the eleventh hour, its errors will be quickly forgotten; and Mr. Gladstone will be compensated for the condemnation of a few extreme Radicals by the approval of the nation as a whole, and of almost all really important Continental politicians.

YACHT SMUGGLING.—The recent conviction of some yacht stewards for smuggling has made public certain unpleasant facts, which have been familiar for some time, if not to yacht owners, at least to people who know much of yachting. Every yacht owner may think that his master, steward, and crew are blameless; but anecdotes as to smuggling achievements performed by other yachts are too frequently heard in the idle hours of cruising, and they are too often laughed at. This is regrettable, when we remember that the facilities which yachtsmen enjoy for smuggling proceed entirely from the great courtesy with which yachts are everywhere received, whether in home or foreign waters. The visits of Custom House officers to these vessels are the almost always of the most perfunctory character. The decanter of sherry or the hospitable case bottle on the cabin table may have something to do with this; but it is also to be supposed that the inspectors rely on the honour of yacht owners. It will be very disagreeable for yachtsmen if by their own carelessness they destroy this feeling of confidence. There is no excuse for the men who pass tobacco, wine, and spirits into England, or other goods into foreign

ports by contraband, under cover of a yacht's respectability, and instant dismissal ought to be the punishment of this offence. Indeed, a yacht owner ought to hold his master responsible for the honesty of the whole crew, and impress upon him at the beginning of every cruise that to take advantage of Custom House officials, in no matter what country, is a gross breach of the good faith by strict observance of which yachtsmen can alone hope to preserve their unwritten immunities. As regards England, no such justification for smuggling exists now as there was in the days when the Customs' tariff was preposterously high. The committees of the foremost yacht clubs ought to take up this matter of smuggling, and act as the Jockey Club does in its occasional—somewhat too occasional—endeavours to promote honesty on the Turf.

NEWSPAPERS IN THE SLACK SEASON.—May we venture to whisper it into the ear of some loquacious M.P. who is at the present moment holiday-making?—The daily newspapers are far more interesting now than when you and your fellow-members were in Session. The space occupied by the Debates—which, it is to be feared, a great many of us never read, being satisfied to skim over the summary—is now filled with articles which are, as a rule, of a much more attractive character. The *Times* during the present season is really quite a marvel. It is not merely a journal of news; it is a threepenny daily magazine. In the last generation, a typical old gentleman used to be quoted who read the *Times* diligently every day, from the first advertisement down to the printer's name and address. (At that epoch the *Times* consisted of eight pages; the births, deaths, and marriages were at the end, and the advertisements at the top of the first column related to the sailing of ships.) At present, even if he omitted the advertisements and the technical articles, such as the market reports and shipping news, a rapid reader would find a fairly conscientious perusal of the *Times* a stiff morning's work. We observe, too, that the *Times* has lately catered for the taste of the invalid old lady who once said that she "did not enjoy her murders so much as she used to." The Law Courts being closed, the legal reporting staff has apparently sought "fresh woods and pastures new" in the police courts, of whose proceedings we have lately had nearly three columns a day. And seriously—though some of us are ashamed to own it—the police reports form very interesting, if painful, reading. At all events, they are more eagerly devoured than the lucubrations of Messrs. A, B, C, and D. on the Peers and the Franchise Bill.



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By Order. J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued an EXTRA FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, entitled "A MISSIONARY'S LETTER TO THE YOUNGSTERS AT HOME," Part II., by the Right Rev. J. Hannington, D.D., Lord Bishop of Equatorial Africa.



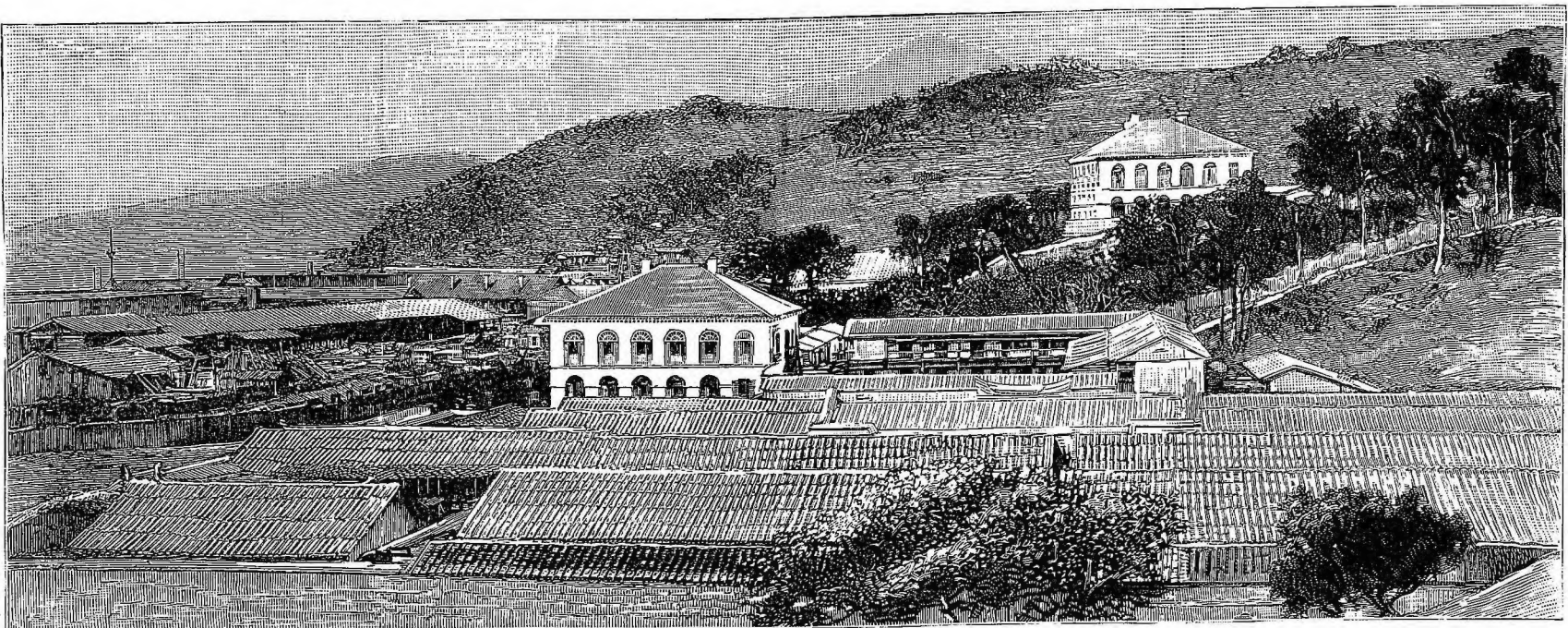
THE RECEPTION OF THE ABYSSINIAN ENVOYS BY THE QUEEN AT OSBORNE

The Envoys of King John of Abyssinia were received at Osborne House by Her Majesty on Wednesday week. The two envoys, Lidji Mircha-Worke and Lidji John Mashasha Worke, were presented to the Queen by General Sir Henry Ponsonby, and Lidji Mircha handed the King's letter to Her Majesty. After the presentation of Bruee Worke, who had accompanied the Mission from Abyssinia, and of Commander W. H. B. Graham, to whose charge the Mission has been confided during its stay in England, the Envoys brought before the Queen King John's presents, amongst which was the young elephant of which we published engravings last week. Her Majesty inquired after the health of King John, and requested that her thanks should be conveyed to His Majesty for his gifts. The presentation of the elephant took place, as our illustration represents, on the grass in front of Osborne House under a cedar and oak tree. Her Majesty was in an ordinary morning costume, the Envoys being attired in brilliant dresses. The elephant was subsequently taken to London and placed in the Zoological Gardens. The Envoys can speak a little English, but their seven attendants could only make themselves understood to an Indian seaman on board the *Malwa*, which brought them from Aden to England.

FRANCE AND CHINA

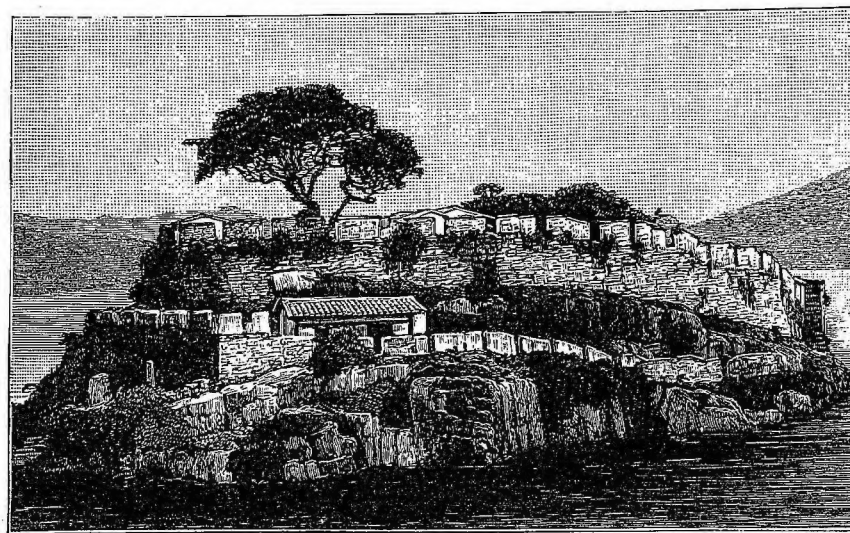
AMOY AND FORMOSA

AMOY, one of the Treaty ports, is situated on the coast to the south of Foochow, and is one of the earliest trading centres of China, the Portuguese having had establishments there in the sixteenth, and the Dutch in the seventeenth centuries. It was taken by the British in 1841, and in 1848 became one of the free ports. There is an outer and inner harbour, the former of which is fortified. The population is estimated at 250,000. Due east of Amoy, at about a hundred miles distant, is the western coast of the island of Formosa—low and flat and uninteresting, and destitute of harbours. The island itself, however, is one of the most fertile in the world, and has attained a high degree of interest in the eyes of the Western Powers from recent events. It lies full in the track of Japan and the northern Chinese ports, produces a vast quantity of sugar and a superior kind of tea, possesses great unworked forests of camphor trees, together with springs of petroleum and mines of sulphur, and what is important to civilised nations, of coal. Large seams of coal are believed to underlie a considerable portion of the island, though at present the mines have only been worked in the neighbourhood of Kelung. Although the Chinese have had settlements in Formosa for more than three centuries, fully one half of the



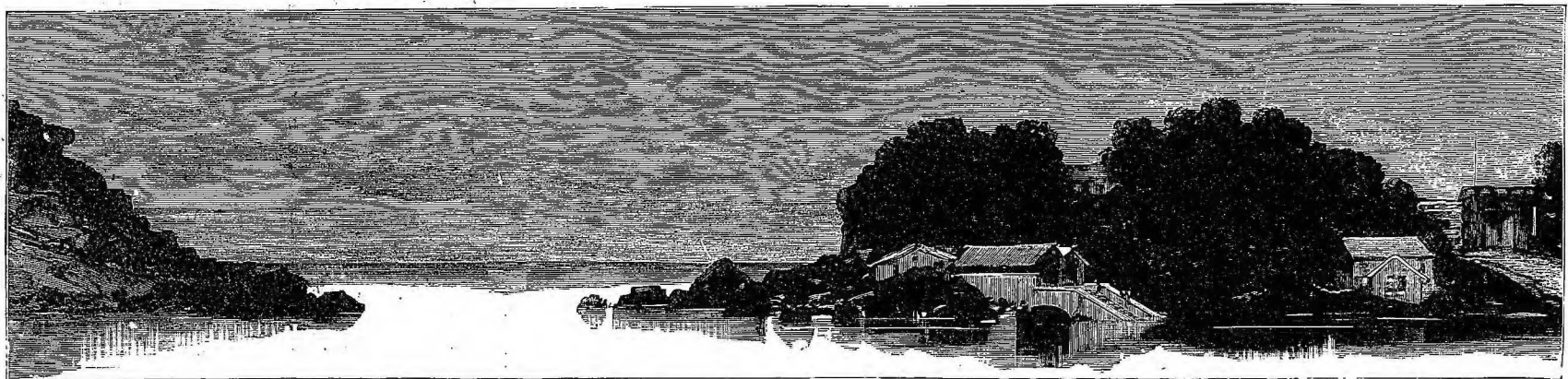
THE IMPERIAL ARSENAL AT FOOCHOW, BOMBARDED BY THE FRENCH FLEET

island is in the hands of the aborigines, of whom to this day little is known. Scanty intercourse takes place between the two races owing to the fierceness of the natives, who are confirmed head-hunters, and who harass the Chinese on every possible opportunity. Lately, however, there has been some improvement, and a sailor wrecked on the southern coast might have a chance of surviving, thanks to a treaty made with the chief Tok-e-tok by General Le Gendre, the American Consul at Amoy. The great drawback to Formosa is the almost entire absence of harbours. There are practically none on the east or west coasts. On the north are Keelung and Tamsui—the former of which, recently taken by the French, is alone worthy of the name, as the latter does not admit vessels of a greater draught than 15 feet. It is, however, the most important port of the island, as it lies at the mouth of the To-Ka-ham River, the great highway of the interior trade. On the south-west of the island is another harbour, Takao, shown in our illustrations. "On approaching from the sea," writes Dr.

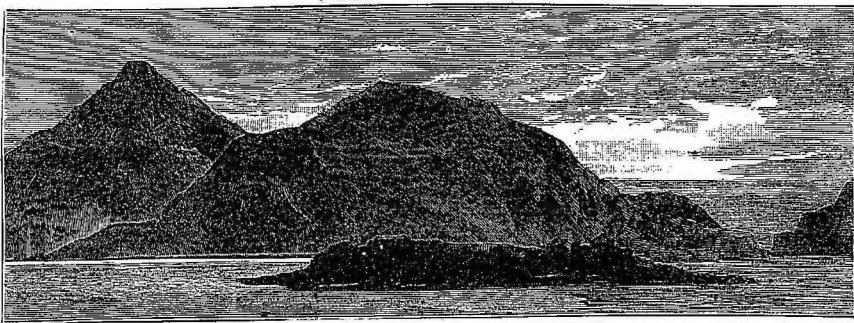


FORT ON THE RIVER MIN, NEAR FOOCHOW

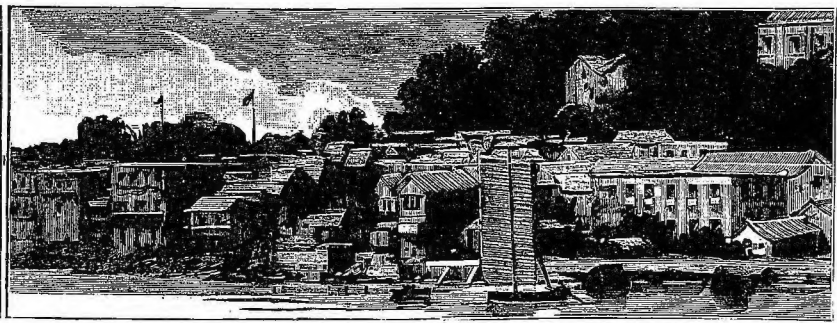
Henry Guillemard, to whom we are indebted for the photographs and sketches from which our engravings of Amoy and Formosa are taken, "the masts of the ships inside are seen rising above some rocks which appear to unite an opening between two high cliffs, and exclude any vessel from entering. Thus we watched with great eagerness our approach to the rocks. Nearer and nearer we came, but nothing could we see but rocks and breakers. At length we heard the order, 'Hard-a-starboard,' and round we went, apparently charging straight into the cliff. 'Helm amidships,' and, immediately after, 'Hard-a-port,' took us round the corner between some very ugly-looking rocks in dangerous proximity on either side, and we found ourselves in a very small land-locked harbour, where we were moored head and stern amongst one or two foreign merchantmen and a host of native junks." The harbour is very prettily wooded, and in the distance are some very high mountains, said to be inhabited by cannibals. The foreigners in the port number about twenty of all nationalities.



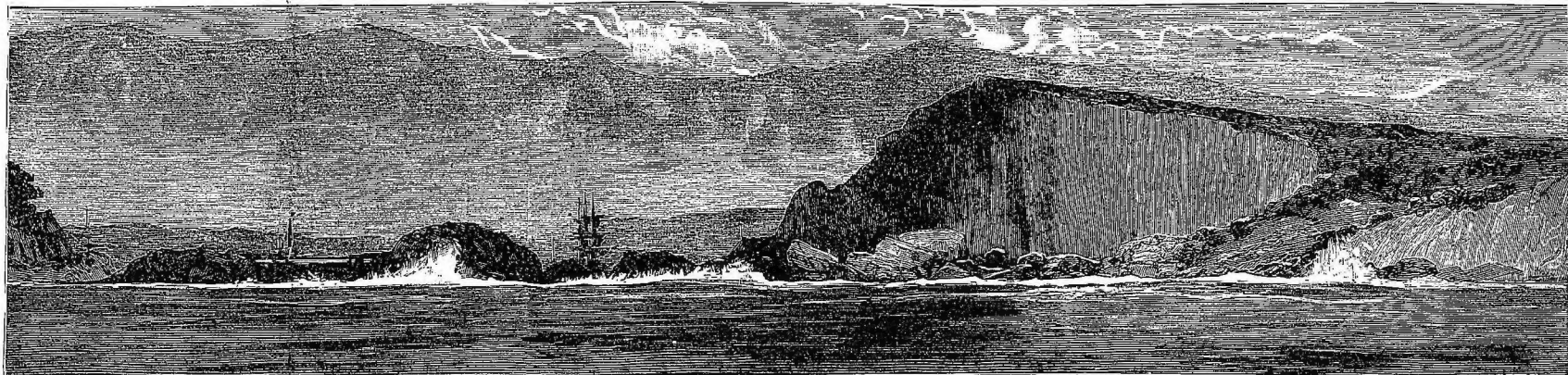
TAKAO, FORMOSA—VIEW FROM THE HARBOUR



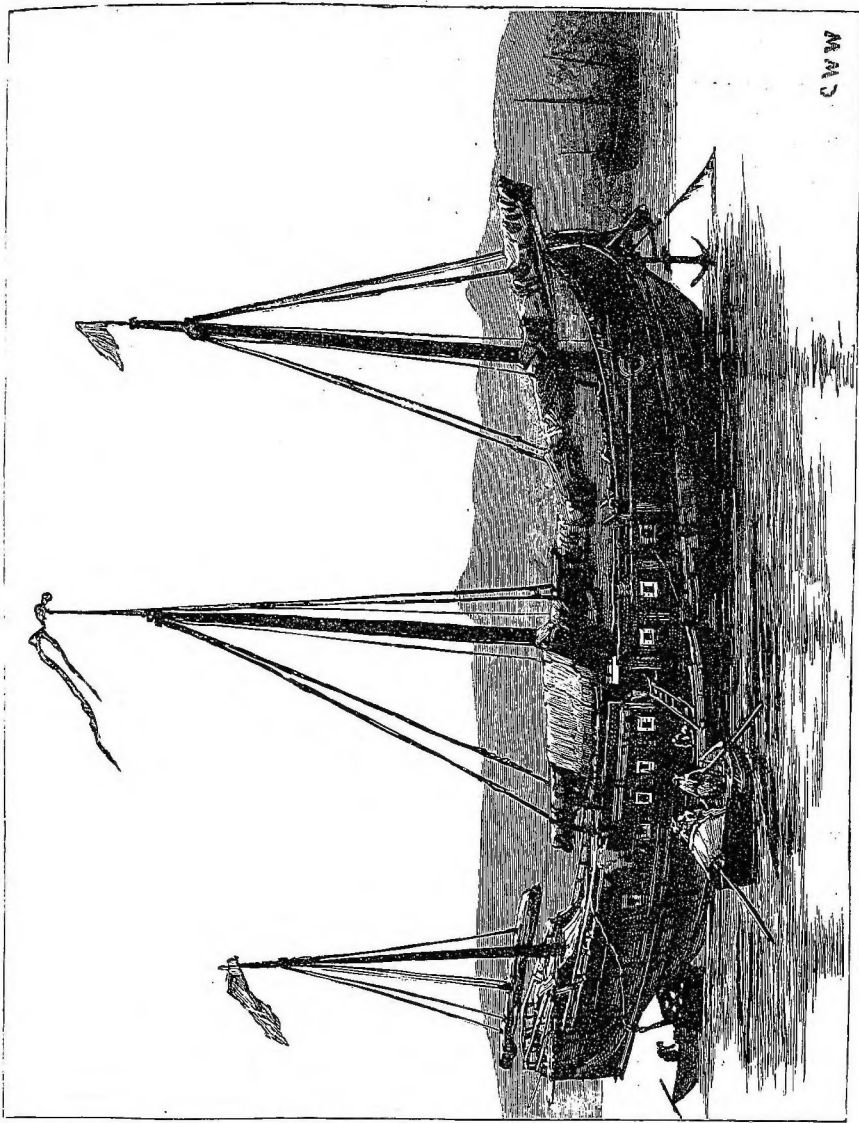
VIEW IN THE HARBOUR OF KELUNG, FORMOSA
Recently Bombarded by the French



NATIVE TOWN OF AMOY, ONE OF THE TREATY PORTS

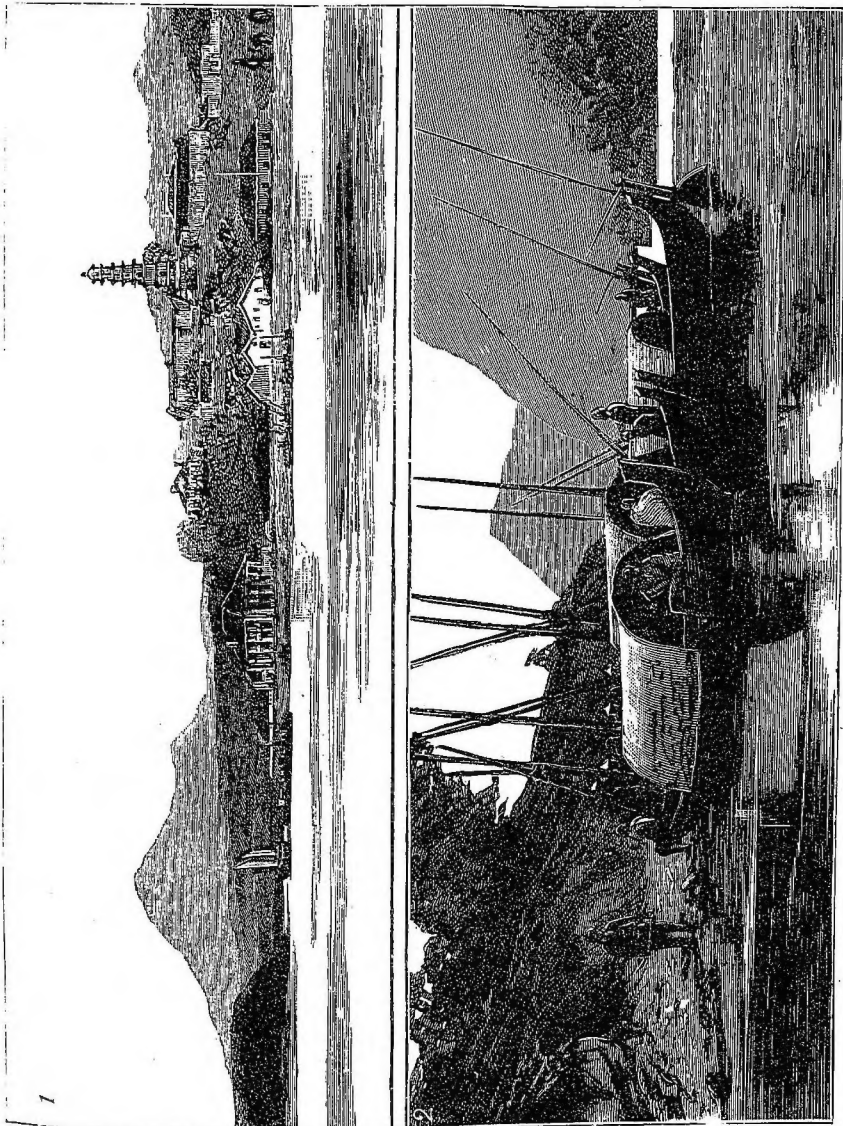


TAKAO FROM THE SEA

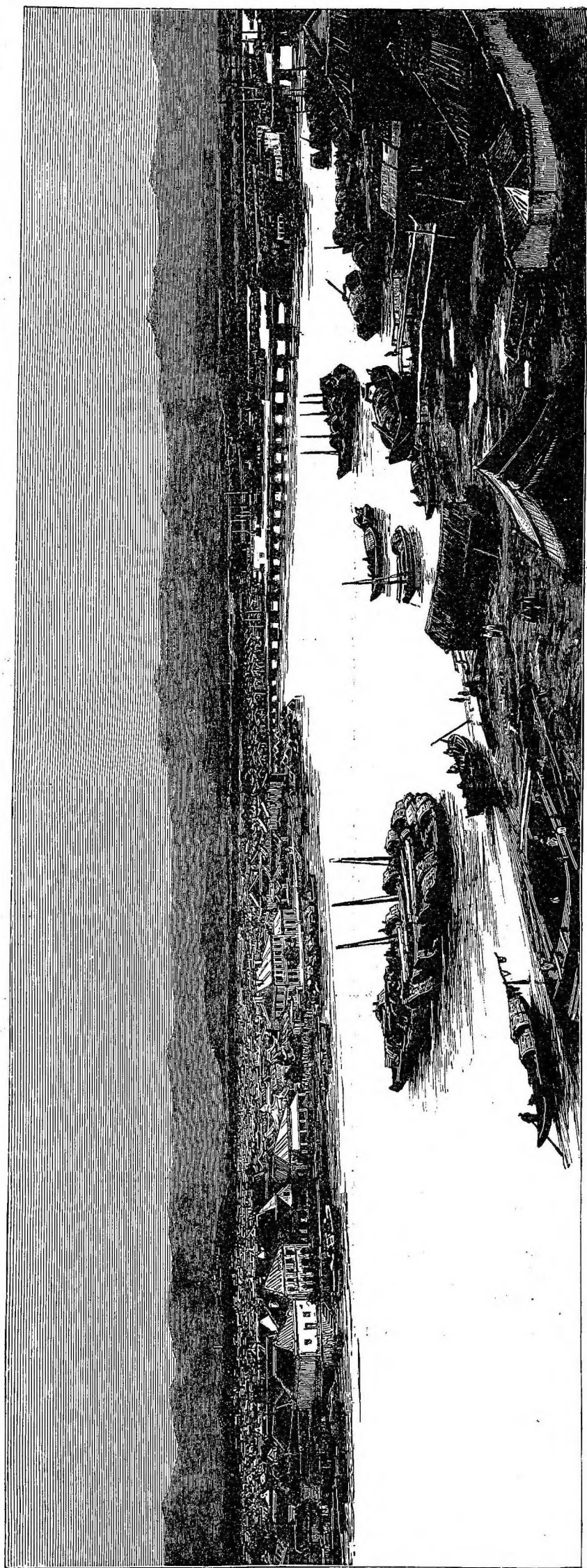


A CHINESE JUNK

CW W



1. PAGODA ISLAND, IN THE RIVER MIN, THE ANCHORAGE AT FOOCOW FOR LARGE VESSELS
2. SCENE AT KELUNG, FORMOSA, RECENTLY BOMBARDED BY THE FRENCH



GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY OF FOOCOW
THE WAR BETWEEN FRANCE AND CHINA—VIEWS AT FOOCOW AND FORMOSA

THE BOMBARDMENT OF FOOCHOW ARSENAL

FOOCHOW, of which the Arsenal has been bombarded by the French Fleet, is one of the Treaty Ports of China, and one of the chief centres of the tea trade. The city itself is situated some thirty-six miles up the River Min, and is thoroughly typical of a Chinese town, the streets being narrow and dirty, although extremely picturesque when viewed from a distance. It is built on the left bank of the river, and contains upwards of a million inhabitants. The foreign concession is on the right bank, on the site of an old disused cemetery, being connected with Foochow proper by a bridge. As the river there is comparatively shallow, large vessels are only able to ascend to Pagoda or Losing Island, some nine miles below the city. Opposite the island, on the mainland, is the extensive Arsenal and Dockyard, which, curiously enough, owe their construction to a Frenchman, M. Prosper Giquel, who for many years, aided by French overseers, carried on the management. Of late years, however, the Chinese themselves have taken the establishment in their own hands. The Arsenal contains a foundry, and extensive workshops for marine engines—some twenty vessels having been constructed there. No fewer than two thousand workmen were employed, with sixty-six European superintendents. Below the Arsenal, at the mouth of the river, the navigation is exceedingly difficult, owing to powerful currents and dangerous shifting shoals; and though there are two channels, the Northern or Kinpai Pass, and the Southern or Mingan Pass, the former is alone considered safe for large vessels such as Admiral Courbet has under his command. It was in the Mingan Pass that H.M.S. *Scout* grounded a few years since. The Kinpai Pass is defended by two forts—the White Fort and the Kinpai Fort, armed with Krupp guns; while there are also strong forts on each side of the river between the Passes and Pagoda Island.

When some weeks since matters became dangerously strained between France and China Admiral Courbet, foreseeing the present emergency, took his fleet up the river, and anchored off Pagoda Island and the Arsenal, in this manner avoiding the difficult task of forcing a passage up the river when hostilities should break out, and thus being ready for action when the "psychological moment" should arrive. On Saturday, diplomatic negotiations having been finally broken off, Admiral Courbet commenced to bombard the Arsenal and a small fleet of eleven Chinese war vessels which were lying in the river.

The Admiral had eight ships, seven being somewhat small vessels, and one an ironclad, the *Volta*, *Duguay-Trouin*, *D'Estaing*, *Aspic*, *Vipère*, *Lynx*, *Triomphante*, and *Villars*, together with two torpedo boats. The fire was returned by the Chinese gunboats for a time, but these vessels, being mere toys, offered no serious resistance, and were speedily sunk, save two, which escaped. Then "the superior artillery of the French," writes the *Times* correspondent, who was on board H.M.S. *Champion* and a witness of the action, "made the contest after the disabling of the Chinese vessels no fight—it was a massacre—no surrender was allowed to the disabled and sinking vessels. . . . The French torpedo boats exploded the sterns of the *Yangtsoo* transport and of two sinking gunboats. The scenes on the river as the dead and wounded men floated by were terrible. The English saved many of the latter." The main fire of the French, however, was directed upon the Arsenal and neighbouring buildings, forts, and barracks. The bombardment ceased at 5 P.M., the French loss being six men killed, and twenty-seven wounded. The boiler of one torpedo boat was also exploded by a Chinese cannon-ball. The Chinese loss is estimated at from 2,000 to 3,000. During the night the French fleet was harassed by burning wreckage and logs, and at one time there was an alarm in the French fleet, which at once opened a heavy fire—killing, it is said, an English pilot. Next day the bombardment was recommenced, the French operations being directed upon the Pagoda and the heights above, and on Monday the forts at the mouth of the river were engaged, apparently not quite so successfully, as we hear that the White Fort opened with Krupp guns at a distance of three miles, and that after an hour's engagement the French retired. The Chinese fire is chronicled as good, and one ironclad was badly struck. On Tuesday, however, the Mingan forts were heavily bombarded, and are stated to have been silenced. The Kinpai forts were cannonaded on Wednesday, and on Thursday were to be attacked in force, and then Admiral Courbet would be enabled to rejoin the remainder of the fleet outside the river. In his official report the Admiral states that he did not expect to do this before the 29th or 30th inst.

KELUNG

KELUNG, which has been occupied by the French, is situated at the north end of Formosa, and is in itself a very insignificant place. But its importance lies in some fine coal mines, which in 1881 turned out 150,000 tons. An export duty of one dollar per ton is levied by the Chinese on all coal exported by foreign vessels.

The coal is screened, and only the small lumps which pass through the screen are sold; the large pieces are reserved by the Chinese Government for their war vessels, and are sent over to Foochow and Shanghai to the arsenals. The mines are worked under the superintendence of Mr. W. Tysack, C.E. (whose residence is on Palm Island, shown in the sketch). The coal obtained is of a very clean character, highly bituminous, but only half as good as ordinary for steaming purposes. These mines have been taken possession of by the French, who declare their intention of working them until the Chinese discharge the indemnity which is demanded for the Langson affair.

Kelung has two Chinese ports, and about 12,000 soldiers stationed in them. There are four Europeans resident here, one being a lady.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Mr. J. Du Leach Hustler.

SALVATIONISTS IN INDIA

THE photograph from which our engraving is taken was forwarded to us from the Head Quarters of the Indian Division of the Salvation Army, and was entitled "Major Tucker Conversing with a Hindoo Fakere." As in other parts of the world, the Salvationists have met with great opposition in India; and as, in that vast country of opposing sects, theological feuds might have formidable and far-reaching consequences, their outdoor demonstrations have been put down with a strong hand by the Government. It is often said that the reason why respectable and even God-fearing people object to the Salvation Army is because of their noisy and eccentric method of promulgating their doctrines; and because the mental excitement aroused among their converts often produces results repugnant to morality. There is much truth in this; yet it is difficult to deny that some of the hostility felt against them is due to the fact that they preach a religion of self-denial and self-restraint. The "Skeletons" would not mind any amount of apparent irreverence or of blowing of horns and of beating of drums, but they dislike being told to amend their self-indulgent ways.

Turning to India, the Salvationists have tried to win the people by assuming their garb and simplicity of diet. The natives often have a difficulty in feeling sympathetic with the regular Church of England Missionary, because, although probably a thoroughly good, sterling fellow, he lives as other Englishmen of his class live, and so seems to the humble Hindoo or Mahomedan to be a *burra admi* (*Anglicé*, a "big swell"), perched on an unapproachable social height.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO NEWCASTLE

WE continue from last week our account of the progress of the Royal Party.

On Wednesday, August 20th, the Prince and Princess of Wales came from Sir W. Armstrong's seat at Craggside to Jesmond Dene. The weather was brilliant, and the sun so hot that the Prince considerably requested the public to keep their heads covered. Every coign of vantage was occupied. The choirs of the town were gathered on the roof of St. Nicholas Cathedral; the school-children, under the guardianship of the boys of the *Wellesley* training-ship, were packed together on a terrace near an old mill, and, as the Royal carriage came in sight, sang lustily the National Anthem and "God Bless the Prince of Wales."

Then came the formal opening of the pleasure-grounds of Jesmond Dene, Sir William Armstrong's munificent gift to the city, a beautifully-wooded tract, extending over some sixty-two acres. The Princess of Wales, to commemorate the occasion, planted a young oak tree.

After this followed a luncheon at St. George's Hall, where characteristic speeches were made by the Prince of Wales, Sir W. Armstrong, and Mr. Joseph Cowen. Then the Prince and Princess visited, and declared open, the new Natural History Museum. The Prince next opened the Free Library. Both sides of Bridge Street were lined by an enthusiastic crowd. The Mayor said that there were now in this country more than 100 well-supported libraries, with an aggregate "bookage" (if we may coin a word) of nearly 2,000,000 volumes. There were 50,000 volumes in the Newcastle Library, many of which were rare and valuable, and all useful.

All went off well, though the Royal party had a narrow escape from what might have been a serious accident, owing to the horse which was ridden by the officer in command of the Artillery Volunteers becoming restive, and getting entangled in the wheels of the Royal carriage.

Next day, Thursday, August 21st, the weather was dull and threatening, but the rain kept off till the end of the proceedings, and then only showed itself in the form of a slight drizzle. A fresh invigorating breeze blew during the voyage down the Tyne.

The Royal party, having arrived in Newcastle by special train from Rothbury at noon, embarked at the Fish Quay on board the *Para e Amazonas*, a beautiful paddle steamer, fitted up in palatial style, and capable of accommodating over 600 visitors. She has three decks, and has been specially built for passenger traffic on the River Amazon, South America. Nearly thirty other steamers, carrying members of the various Corporations and other bodies on Tyneside, followed in single file in the wake of the Royal boat, forming a grand aquatic procession. Along Newcastle Quay for nearly a mile there were from 60,000 to 80,000 people gathered together.

At Hebburn over a thousand children were seated on the side of a hill, so arranged as to present the form of the Prince of Wales's feathers. When the steamer came by the little ones cheered and waved white handkerchiefs, looking more like feathers than ever.

At Coble Dene the *Para e Amazonas* slowly entered the new dock, breaking as she passed a riband which had been stretched across the entrance. Then the Prince named the dock the "Albert Edward," and declared it open, after which he made an interesting speech at a luncheon, which was spread in an adjoining pavilion.

At Tynemouth the Royal party witnessed the practice of the Tynemouth Life Brigade, which in recent years has been the means of saving many valuable lives on the north-east coast. A line was fired from the Spanish Battery, then a hawser was hauled over a stretch of 300 yards of water, made fast by the men on the pier, one of the brigade's men being drawn along in the suspended chair, and safely landed on the cliff.

From Tynemouth to the railway station a mounted guard, composed of officers of the Tynemouth Artillery, followed the Royal carriage. The Prince and Princess, accompanied by Sir William and Lady Armstrong and their guests, at once took train to Craggside. Next day the Royal party proceeded to Edinburgh, concerning which visit we speak below.

DALMENY CASTLE

DALMENY PARK, where the Prince has been staying with the Earl of Rosebery, is near Cramond, about five miles from Edinburgh. The house is a small but elegant Tudor building, very prettily situated near the sea, and distant by the coast some two or three miles from Queensferry. The Prince and Princess arrived at Dalmeny Park from Edinburgh on the evening of yesterday (Friday) week. At the entrance to the Park a triumphal arch had been erected, and before the house was a guard of honour, consisting of 160 Marines and Blue-jackets from H.M.S. *Lord Warden*, the guardship in the Forth, a Royal salute being fired by the man-of-war. Next day, before going to inspect the works of the Forth Bridge, which lies between Dalmeny and Queensferry, the Royal visitors walked about the estate of Dalmeny, and examined with considerable interest the Castle of Barnbogle, a mere ruin a few years since, but which has now been restored by Lord Rosebery. Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. John Mason, who has written a long poem on this lovely spot, from which we extract the following verses:—

Dalmeny, dale of endless joy
To me, when but a happy boy;
From many a brow and many a height
I view thy visions of delight;
From many a grandly-wooded steep,
Where Forth expands in silver sleep—
In silver sleep, in silver lakes,
Enfolding fields and forest brakes,
Soft smiling in the silver morn'
Mid' emerald and golden corn;
And many a bower and many a dell
Re-echo to the ocean's swell;
And many a noble tree to bless
This wide, far-stretching wilderness;
And many a cool and fragrant grot,
And many a wild sequestered spot,
And many a dingle, many a dell,
To make us love Dalmeny well.

With bounding step we joyful climb
The steep of Castle Craig sublime,
See land and ocean sweep around
In scenes majestic and profound,
Disclosing views of seas afar,
Of verdant fields and golden bar
Of shining Forth, and distant shore
Of Fife and Grampian Mountains hoar.

See Donibristle shine afar,
The Lomonds too, Benarty's scaur,
Set in this frame of living green—
A sweeter sight was never seen;
For Art is striving to express
Our sense of Nature's loveliness,
And this is painted by the hand
Of breathing Nature, artist grand,
From Fair Culross to far Kirkcaldy,
Enshrined in living emerald.

Beneath, like little speck, is seen
Barnbogle's walls, o'er woods so green,
Fair shining in its stone so white,
Like risen giant, strong and bright,
While Ocean rolls and rounds away
To Eagle Cliff and Cramond Bay;
By Birny Rocks to Granton Pier,
On far horizon small and clear;
While Cramond Island hangs on high,
Far up the sea, within the sky;
An inland, woods successive rise,
Till fair Corstorphine meets the eyes,
And mighty Pentlands crown the scene
With ruddy scaurs and mountains green.

THE TREATY BETWEEN FRANCE AND CHINA

THE ratification of this Treaty came rather as a surprise to European Powers. It was negotiated between the 8th and the 11th May, not by the regular French Ambassador, but by Captain Fournier, who had received extraordinary powers. The Chinese representative was Li Hung Chang, Viceroy of Petchili. The Treaty in question recognises the Protectorate of France over Annam and Tonquin, and consequently admits the validity of the Treaty of Hué; it fixes the boundaries of Tonquin; opens up certain districts exclusively to French trade, promises a commercial treaty, giving France special advantages, and the withdrawal of Chinese troops from Peking. No indemnity was demanded by France. Unfortunately the terms of this Treaty were not observed by the Chinese. Either wilfully, or through misunderstanding (the Chinese still maintain it was a mistake), a collision took place between their troops and the French at Lang-son, one of the frontier towns; and

as the Peking Government have refused to pay a heavy indemnity, the French have virtually if not technically declared war, and have commenced operations by the bombardment of Kelung and the Foochow Arsenal. The chief interest of our picture is that it is by a Chinese artist, who drew it entirely from his imagination, as none of the French were in uniform, and only Captain Fournier, his Secretary, and the French Consul, were present at the banquet given by Li-Hung-Chang.

THE FORTH RAILWAY BRIDGE

THE completion of this gigantic engineering work will be of considerable advantage to the transit of passengers and merchandise along the east coast of Scotland, as hitherto the metropolis has been cut off from communication with Fifeshire by the wide inlet of the Firth of Forth.

The work is being carried on at three points simultaneously, namely, at South Queensferry, at North Queensferry, and in the island of Inchgarvie, which lies between these points.

The chief workshops and foundries of the contractors, Messrs. Tancred, Arrol, and Co., are situated at South Queensferry. These works cover an area of many acres, and are so complete and substantial that it is difficult to realise the fact that they are the mere scaffolding of a much vaster undertaking. Lines of railway have been laid down all over the ground, and on these lines large travelling cranes and powerful drilling machines have been erected. In one of the sheds, the large caissons for the piers on Inchgarvie have been built up.

One of these caissons was successfully launched about three months ago from the building yard at the foot of Newhall's Brae. It was 70 feet in diameter at the base, and was when launched erected to a height of about forty feet, weighing some 300 tons.

The island of Inchgarvie lies in mid-channel, and is surrounded by deep water. On it rest the four main piers of the centre cantilever of the bridge. The highest point of the island is covered by a ruined castle, some 400 years old, built by the Dundases of Dundas Castle. At Inchgarvie a wrought-iron landing-stage has been completed, and powerful engines, air-compressors, and hydraulic pumping machines have been erected.

The construction of the bridge gives employment to 1,400 or 1,500 men. The whole of the works on both banks of the Firth and on Inchgarvie are lit up with the electric light.

The whole of the steel of which the bridge is constructed is being worked at South Queensferry, where spacious sheds have been erected and filled with machinery for its manipulation.

There is a hydraulic accumulator house, by which water at high pressure is supplied all over the works to drive the various hydraulic machines.

As regards the progress of the work, the solid granite masonry of several of the viaduct piers has been completed for the reception of the iron girders; and both at North Queensferry and at Inchgarvie the excavations have made satisfactory progress.

Our engravings are from photographs by Mr. Evelyn J. Carey, Assistant Engineer, Forth Bridge Works.

A MISSIONARY'S LETTER

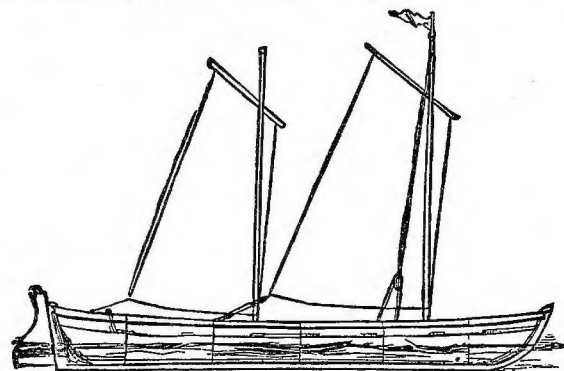
See pp. 229 et seqq.

"FROM POST TO FINISH"

A NEW STORY by Captain Hawley Smart, illustrated by John Charlton and Arthur Hopkins, is continued on page 233.

THE NILE EXPEDITION

As soon as the authorities had finally made up their minds to send a flotilla of boats to Cairo for the relief of Khartoum, not a moment was lost in issuing orders to the different shipbuilding contractors for the completion, with the utmost despatch, of the 400 "whaler-gigs" for service on the Nile. They are light-looking boats, built of white pine, and weigh each about 920 lbs., that is without the gear, and are supposed to carry four tons of provisions, ammunition, and camp appliances, the food being sufficient for 100 days. The crew will number twelve men, soldiers and sailors, the former rowing, while the latter (two) will attend the helm. Each boat will be fitted with two lug sails, which can be worked reefed, so as to permit an awning to be fitted underneath for protection to the men from the sun. As is well known, the wind blows for two or three months alternately up and down the Nile, and the authorities expect



the flotilla will have the advantage of a fair wind astern for four or five days at the least. On approaching the Cataracts the boats will be transported on wooden rollers over the sand to the next level for re-launching.

One boat properly equipped, provisioned, &c., with a complement of Blue-jackets, was tried last week in Portsmouth Harbour, in the presence of Colonel W. F. Butler, C.B., and other officers connected with the "Red River Expedition," and the craft answered all expectation, the speed attained in a light breeze being about six knots.

The men will live on board for a considerable portion of the time. The gigs measure—length, 30 to 32 ft.; breadth, 6 ft. 9 in.; depth, 2 ft. 6 in.

We are indebted to Mr. John Read, jun., of Portsmouth, for the plans supplied, from which our sketch is taken.

The boats will be shipped on a transport on the 15th of next month for Egypt direct. They will cost about 100l. each.

DIMANCHE A LONDRES

To a Frenchman in London Sunday usually seems dull. Indeed, he might indignantly exclaim, "Seems, Madam! Nay, it is." At all events our artist has concentrated his disgust for the London Sunday by the portrayal of this policeman's yawn. We shall not here attempt to discuss the complicated and difficult question as to whether the London Sunday is a better or a worse institution than the Parisian Sunday, but we venture to ask M. Adrien Marie whether he is quite sure that the portentous gape in which friend Bobby is indulging is the result of British Sabbatarianism. May it not be due to the fatigue caused by the labours of Saturday, always a heavy day with the police; or, if he was off duty, may he not have been up to a late hour, assisting the "missis" in her Saturday night's marketing? In our opinion a policeman would rejoice rather than yawn over such a delightfully quiet street as is here

represented. But it does not last all day. A word on this point also may be of interest. The City has twice changed its Sabbath aspect within the last half-century. As recently as 1834 a good many people connected with banking and wholesale businesses, besides numbers of shopkeepers, still had their homes in the City. Consequently, "at the sound of the church-going bell," decorous crowds filled the streets. A few years later, this population having flitted to the suburbs, the City was on Sundays a veritable desert. But then came another change. The railways pushed their termini into the City boundaries, and now, except early in the morning, there is a stream of travellers passing through it all day till past midnight. Nor should we be surprised, with its railway facilities and its remarkable healthiness, if the City once more should become, at all events for bachelors, a favourite place of residence.

WATER POLO

POLO proper may be defined as hockey on horseback, or rather pony-back, and, in like manner, water-polo is hockey on the water. It is one of the sports which usually follow a Thames regatta, and, as the participating canoes and their occupants get frequently capsized, considerable amusement is afforded to the lookers-on. The game, which is played with an india-rubber ball, has a certain amount of interest in it, though that is chiefly shared by the players and their friends. What the outside public (the spectators *ab extra*) care for are the mishaps.



LORD WOLSELEY, it is officially announced, will proceed immediately to Egypt, to assume the temporary command of the military forces in that country. The announcement is so worded as to convey the impression that it was thought necessary to explain why Generals Earle and Redvers Buller are to be subordinated to the victor of Tel-el-Kebir. Stress is laid on the similarity between the preparations for an expedition up the Nile and those adopted in 1870 for the Red River Expedition. Lord Wolseley's successful conduct of this expedition is referred to as furnishing him with an experience which is not possessed by any other officer, and making it desirable to entrust to him the supervision on the spot of the measures which, it is added, have been to a great extent adopted on his advice. The despatch of an expedition up the Nile for the relief of General Gordon and the garrison at Khartoum is not, however, absolutely decided on, and in the official intimation there is said to be "some reason to hope" that Major Kitchener's mission to Dongola may in a short time afford the means of opening up communications with General Gordon.

HAVING LISTENED TO, and acknowledged in short speeches, several addresses at railway stations during his journey from Hawarden, the Premier reached Edinburgh on Wednesday afternoon, where he met with a most enthusiastic reception, and whence, accompanied by his host, Lord Rosebery, he proceeded at once to Dalmeny House.

REPLYING RECENTLY TO AN ADDRESS from some surviving "Reformers of 1832," which was adopted at the recent demonstration at Aberdeen, Mr. Gladstone could not well avoid a reference to the treatment of the Reform Bill of that year by the Peers. It remains a question whether or not in his remark that "Now, as on the former occasion, it is the House of Peers and the Tory party who bar the progress of reform, notwithstanding the lesson which the previous struggle ought to have conveyed," the Premier meant to hint that he is prepared in the last extremity to force the acceptance of the Franchise Bill in the Upper House by the same threat of a creation of Peers which, in 1832, broke down the resistance of Lord Lyndhurst and his supporters.

THE REPORTS that something might come of Lord Cowper's suggested compromise are not in the least confirmed by Mr. Gladstone's letter just referred to; or by the language used at the Liberal meetings in support of the Franchise Bill, which continue to be held daily. In spite, moreover, of the Premier's recent intimation (which he repeated at Warrington and Carlisle on Wednesday), that the members of the Ministry think it desirable not to mar by their presence the spontaneity of the Liberal movement, it is announced that Mr. Chamberlain on his return from the Continent is to address a great meeting to be held in the Potteries on the Franchise Bill and the House of Lords.

LORD SALISBURY, like Mr. Chamberlain, is on the Continent, and, while he is sojourning at the Château Cecil, Lord Carnarvon seems to have been commissioned to supply his place when the importance of the demonstration, as at the great gathering of Yorkshire Conservatives in the park of Nostell Priory last Saturday, seems to require that Sir Stafford Northcote should have an oratorical coadjutor of Cabinet rank. The Yorkshiresmen were evidently disappointed at the absence of Lord Randolph Churchill, and there was significance in the stress laid both by Lord Carnarvon and Sir Stafford Northcote on Lord Randolph's health as the sole cause of his absence. At the frequent Conservative demonstrations, as at those of the Liberals, "No surrender" is the key-note of the speeches.

AT A NATIONALIST MEETING IN COUNTY WATERFORD this week, Mr. Healy made the somewhat noticeable statement that, if the Government did not obey the dictation of the Irish party, its members possibly would vote against the Franchise Bill during the October Session of Parliament.

THERE ARE RUMOURS IN THE CITY of an intention on the part of members of firms commercially connected with China to present a memorial to the Government asking them to co-operate, if possible, with Germany and the United States in representing to France the inconvenience that would ensue from interference with the freedom of the Treaty ports.

THE LATE DUKE OF WELLINGTON is succeeded as Lord-Lieutenant of Middlesex by Viscount Enfield, the courtesy title of Baron Strafford, who, among other offices in Liberal administrations, has held that of Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

FROM TIME TO TIME offers and refusals of the Chairmanship of the Royal Commission on Shipping have been recorded in this column. It is now understood that Mr. Chamberlain himself will preside over the deliberations of the Commission.

IN VIEW APPARENTLY of the contemplated military operations in Egypt the War Office authorities are desirous of procuring the services of others than raw recruits, and with this object they have issued a circular inviting, on what seem to be tolerably liberal terms, a limited number of men belonging to the First Class Army Reserve to rejoin the colours, and complete the unexpired portion of their first period of enlistment.

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF and the Secretary of State for War have at last communicated the result of their investigation into the part played by officers of the Queen's Own Royal Staffordshire Yeomanry in the disturbances at Lichfield in June last, chronicled in this column at the time. Three Lieutenants are severely reprimanded, and the reprimand is to be made known throughout the regiment before the next annual training.

IT IS SO FAR SATISFACTORY that, in the official report to the

Board of Trade on the railway catastrophe at Penistone on the 16th July, it is stated that its cause—the accident to a crank on the driving-axle—could not have been foreseen and prevented. But, it is added, if the train had been supplied with a quickly-acting and continuous brake the speed ought to have been so reduced as to render the consequences far less fatal.

IN RESPONSE TO THE APPEAL, referred to in this column last week, on behalf of the Hospital Saturday Fund, meetings have been held in various parts of London and the suburbs, at which resolutions were agreed to for the extension of the street and workshop collection.

"ORDER REIGNS" IN WORTHING, and the rural police summoned to protect the Salvationists from the attacks of their enemies, the Skeletons, have been sent back to their districts, but they are to visit Worthing again to-morrow (Sunday). At Brighton on Sunday, and at Blackburn on Monday, two places, like Macedon and Monmouth, with the same initial letter, but otherwise almost as different, the Salvationists were assaulted. This militates against the theory recently broached that the Salvationists are exposed to danger only in small and sleepy places, and are perfectly safe in the large manufacturing towns of the North.

IT IS NOT OFTEN that Irish Nationalists, when they are also public men, display what Madame de Staël discovered in her mute neighbour at the dinner-table to be "A great talent for silence." The newly-elected Nationalist Member for Dungarvan seems to possess this talent in a singular degree. He issued no address and made no speech. His election, it is true, was unopposed.

AT THE INSTANCE OF MR. KINGLAKE, the author of "Eöthen," the memorial bust of General Jacob, of Scinde Horse celebrity, executed by Mrs. Thomas, has been presented by its owner, a Somersetshire gentleman, to the Valhalla of Somerset Worthies at Taunton, where it will be in the company of Henry Fielding, among other celebrities of the county.

LORD AMPHILL, better known as successively Mr. and Lord Odo Russell, British Ambassador at Berlin, died of peritonitis on Monday morning at Potsdam. His death, which would have been regretted under any circumstances, has occurred most unfortunately at a time when there is a certain strain in the relations between the Government of which he was one of the ablest representatives and that of Germany, by which he was held in great regard. Lord Amphil was the youngest son of Lord George William Russell, brother of the eighth Duke of Bedford, who from 1835 to 1841 was Minister at Berlin. He was born in 1829, and was thus at his death in his fifty-fifth year. Sent to Westminster School, he early rejoined his father abroad, and became an accomplished linguist. At twenty he entered the Diplomatic Service at Vienna, but was soon recalled to England, and served for two years in the Foreign Office. Resuming a diplomatic career, he held various appointments at Paris, Vienna, Constantinople, and Washington, and he became in 1858 Secretary of Legation at Florence, and afterwards at Naples. But these were nominal offices; and in reality while holding them he performed at Rome for twelve years the delicate task devolving on an accredited but not officially recognised representative of Great Britain at the Vatican. In 1870 he was elevated to the Under-Secretaryship of Foreign Affairs, and soon afterwards was sent on a special mission to the then Count von Bismarck at Versailles, at that time the headquarters of the victorious German army. The object of his mission was to protest against the announced determination of the Russian Government to cancel the provisions of the Treaty of Paris for the neutralisation of the Black Sea, and he told the German Chancellor that England would go to war rather than consent to so dangerous violation of the European pact. Though Bismarck and his master did not choose to oppose Russia, and the violation of the Treaty was sanctioned, the English diplomatist gained the good graces of the German Chancellor and the German Emperor, and was cordially accepted by them in 1871 as Ambassador at Berlin in succession to Lord Augustus Loftus. The favour thus gained he retained and strengthened by his admiration of the great Chancellor and his sympathy with Germany, but under the present Government his attempts to form an Anglo-German alliance have not been, though through no fault of his, very successful. Associated with Lord Beaconsfield and Salisbury in representing England, he played apparently a subordinate part at the Congress of Berlin, but much of the hard work of detail was left to him to do. He became by patent Lord Odo Russell in 1874, and was raised to the peerage as Lord Amphil in 1881. In 1868 he had married Lady Theresa Villiers, third daughter of the late Lord Clarendon, and he leaves a family of sons and daughters. Her Majesty and the German Emperor have honoured his memory by public expressions of regret for his death, and the Press of Berlin has united with that of London in doing justice to the good qualities of the skilful diplomatist and of the accomplished and upright English gentleman.

OUR OBITUARY also includes the death of Georgina, Lady Wharcliffe, mother of the Earl of Wharcliffe, in her eighty-first year; of Mr. Frederick Barlee, Governor of Trinidad; of Dr. H. W. Maccann, Honorary Secretary of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, formerly a Master at Harrow, in his thirty-second year; and of the veteran publisher, bibliophile, and bibliographer, Mr. Henry G. Bohn, in his ninety-ninth year. Brought up as a bookseller by his father, a German settled in England, Mr. Bohn became early known to bibliophiles by his extensive knowledge of books, and attracted more general notice on the appearance in 1841 of his "Guinea Catalogue of Books" which, bibliographically, was very far superior to the ordinary catalogues of booksellers. Five or six years later he signalled himself by beginning to issue his Standard, Antiquarian, Classical, and other well-known Libraries—mostly reprints and translations—of a variety, general excellence, and cheapness which led Carlyle to say that if he were Chancellor of the Exchequer, he would propose a Parliamentary grant in aid of Bohn's unique enterprise. Mr. Bohn was himself a man of considerable accomplishment, and Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries and of the Philobiblon Societies. He contributed some translations from the German to his own Libraries. He wrote various instructive Handbooks, and edited Lowndes's "Bibliographer's Manual." After retiring from business in 1865, he lived at Twickenham among his books, his pictures, his china (of which he was an assiduous collector), and his roses, of which he was a successful cultivator.

KING'S COLLEGE HOSPITAL.—With reference to the appeal on behalf of this institution which we inserted on the 26th ult., we are informed that the Rev. N. Bromley is acting as secretary *pro tem.*, and that Mr. William Allam is the assistant collector.

THE MASONIC COMMUNITY are to be accorded a respite from the thunders of the Vatican, as the Congregation of the Inquisition at Rome has decided to suspend the effect of the Pope's recent Bull until April 20, 1885. Catholic priests throughout the world are accordingly authorised to grant absolution to all members of Masonic lodges who, repenting of their former errors, will manifest their readiness to make peace with the Church.

THE NEW ELEPHANT presented by King John of Abyssinia to Her Majesty has taken up his residence in the Zoological Gardens. He was brought up to town in one of the boxes used for carrying horses over the ship's side, and was carried from the railway station by a Parcels Delivery Company, a somewhat bulky package, for though he only stands five feet high he weighs about four tons. He was placed in a spare stall in the Tapir House, and though at first uneasy, he soon settled down to a bundle of hay. He is supposed to be nearly five years old.



REPLY POSTCARDS can now be sent to Egypt.

THE APPLICATIONS for a divorce under the new French law have now amounted to nearly 11,000.

EXTREMES MEET, as copy-books tell us, and this week's Canadian news states that amongst the immigrants shortly expected are parties of Icelanders and New Zealanders.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR'S RÉGIME does not seem to be marked by Republican simplicity, as his State dinners are said to have surpassed in costliness those of any of his predecessors. Last winter he gave nine of these banquets, each of which is estimated to have cost 160*l.*

THIRTEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHT WOLVES were killed last year in France, mainly on the border lands of Belgium and Germany. The reward paid by the French Government for these animals varies from 8*l.* for a wolf who has attacked a human being to 3*5s.* for a cub, and amounted to 4,150*l.*

A KINGDOM FOR SALE is announced from Western Africa. King Fernando Magyar, the son of the Austrian explorer, Ladislaus Magyar, who married a daughter of the negro King of Behar, offers his dominions for sale on account of the prospects of the affairs in that part of the country. The kingdom extends over 1,300 square miles, and contains 50,000 inhabitants.

THE RUSSIAN "INDEX EXPURGATORIUS" is becoming almost as extensive as that of the Vatican. Amongst the works which are prohibited in the reading rooms and public libraries are translations of works by Agassiz, Bagehot, Huxley, Zola, Lassalle, Lubbock, Lecky, Louis Blanc, Lewes, Lyall, Marx, Mill, Réclus, Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations" and "Theory of Moral Sentiments," and Herbert Spencer's works.

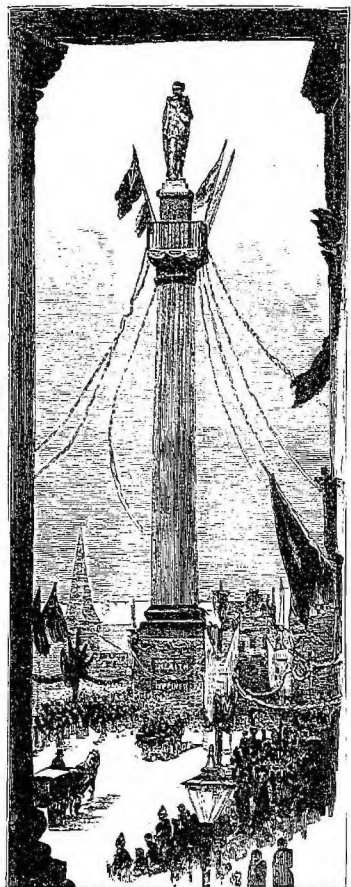
A NEW ARCTIC EXPEDITION is being contemplated by the Russian Government, which has distributed amongst various learned societies a plan for reaching the North Pole. The start would be made from North-Eastern Siberia or Jeannette Island, and the expedition would proceed entirely on foot over the ice, in several parties, with large depôts in the rear. It is thought that there are many islands north of Jeannette Island which may be utilised for depôt purposes.

AUSTRALIAN HOUSEKEEPERS, weary of impertinent Biddies and wily Chinamen, have been trying the mild Hindoo for a domestic servant, and a gentleman at Bangalore recently sent off a number to Melbourne. The experiment, however, proved a dismal failure. The servants were carefully selected, and at first behaved so well that Hindoo domestics became quite the rage in Melbourne. But good treatment, the *Bangalore Spectator* tells us, speedily spoiled Ramaswamy and Moothammah, and they soon came to find out that servants had rights in Australia which they never dreamt of in their native land. Ramaswamy went in for whisky, would get drunk, and deposit himself at full stretch on the drawing-room sofa: Moothammah affected boots, and went in for desperate flirtations, quite unmindful of her business. The entire batch have now been shipped back to Madras.

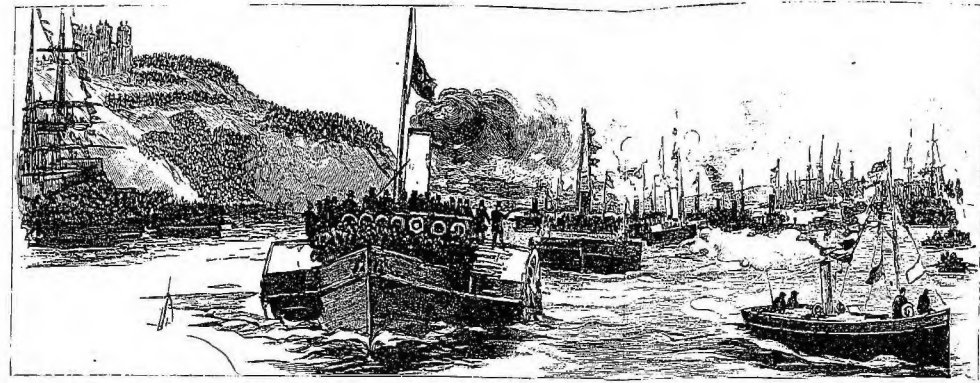
FOLLOWING UPON THE ALLEGED CANNIBALISM OF THE GREELY EXPEDITION come two stories of human flesh eating, one from India, the other from the United States. A Fakir of Delwa Dun has recently been charged with exhuming corpses; on searching his hut several skulls were found, while on being interrogated he at once confessed, and produced two human hands from his waistcloth, stating that it was his custom to eat human flesh whenever he was hungry. He was sentenced to the heaviest punishment allowable by the Indian penal code, twenty-two and a half months' imprisonment. The second instance was in Winnipeg, where an unfortunate man, William Owens, who had gone prospecting with a companion, was found in a famishing condition. His friend had died of starvation, and to keep himself alive Owens had cut strips of flesh off his legs, and had lived six days on this before his rescuers arrived.

LONDON MORTALITY further decreased last week, and 1,579 deaths were registered, against 1,634 during the previous seven days, a decline of 55, being 91 above the average, and at the rate of 20.5 per 1,000. These deaths included 207 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a fall of 36, exceeding the average by 26), 149 of which were referred to infants under one year of age, and 39 to children between one and five; 16 from choleric diarrhoea and cholera (a rise of 1, and 10 above the average), including 4 of infants under one year; 21 from small-pox (an increase of 12, and 13 above the average), the Metropolitan Asylum Hospitals containing 587 small-pox patients on Saturday last; 32 from scarlet fever (a rise of 13, but 23 below the average), 28 from measles (a fall of 13), 17 from diphtheria, 36 from whooping-cough (a rise of 8, but slightly below the average), 21 from enteric fever (a decline of 11, but 5 above the average), and 157 from diseases of the respiratory organs (a decrease of 5, and 6 below the average). The deaths of 4 adults and 1 child were referred to the direct effects of solar heat. Different forms of violence caused 64 deaths, 55 were the result of accident or negligence, among which were 17 from fractures and contusions, 3 from burns and scalds, 13 from drowning, and 10 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. Seven cases of suicide were registered. There were 2,660 births registered against 2,579 during the previous week, exceeding the average by 23. The mean temperature of the air was 65.7 deg., and 4.2 deg. above the average. The hottest day was Sunday, the 17th. The duration of registered bright sunshine in the week was 47.9 hours.

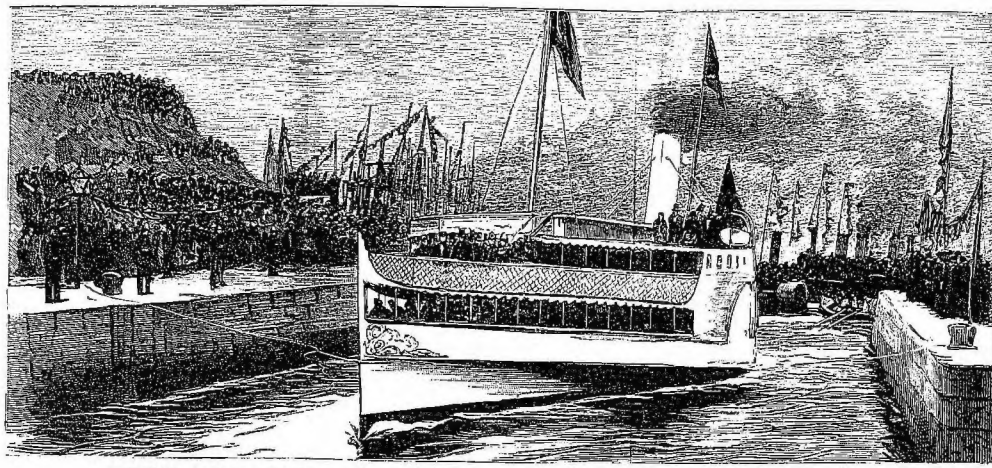
MRS. EDISON, the wife of the well-known inventor, has just died. The story of Edison's courtship is thoroughly characteristic of the man. One day, when standing behind the chair of one of his female employes, Miss May Stillwell, that young lady suddenly turned round and exclaimed, "Mr. Edison, I can always tell when you are behind me or near me." "How do you account for that?" mechanically asked Mr. Edison, still absorbed in his work. "I don't know, I am sure," she answered; "but I seem to feel when you are near me." "Miss Stillwell," said Mr. Edison, turning round now in his turn and looking the lady in the face, "I've been thinking considerably of you of late, and if you are willing to have me, I'd like to marry you." "You astonish me," exclaimed Miss Stillwell. "I—I never—" "I know you never thought I would be your wooer," interrupted Mr. Edison, "but think over my proposal, Miss Stillwell, and talk it over with your mother." Then he added, in the same off-hand, business-like way, as though he might be experimenting upon a new mode of courtship, "Let me know as early as possible, as if you consent to marry me, and your mother is willing, we can be married by next Tuesday." This was the extent of Mr. Edison's courtship. The lady laid the abrupt proposal before her mother, and next day informed her lover of the maternal consent. "That's all right," said Mr. Edison, in reply. "We will be married a week from to-day." And so they were. The two were married a week and a day from the beginning of Mr. Edison's novel and precipitate courtship. For once also the old adage of "married in haste" proved false, as the union was in every sense thoroughly happy.



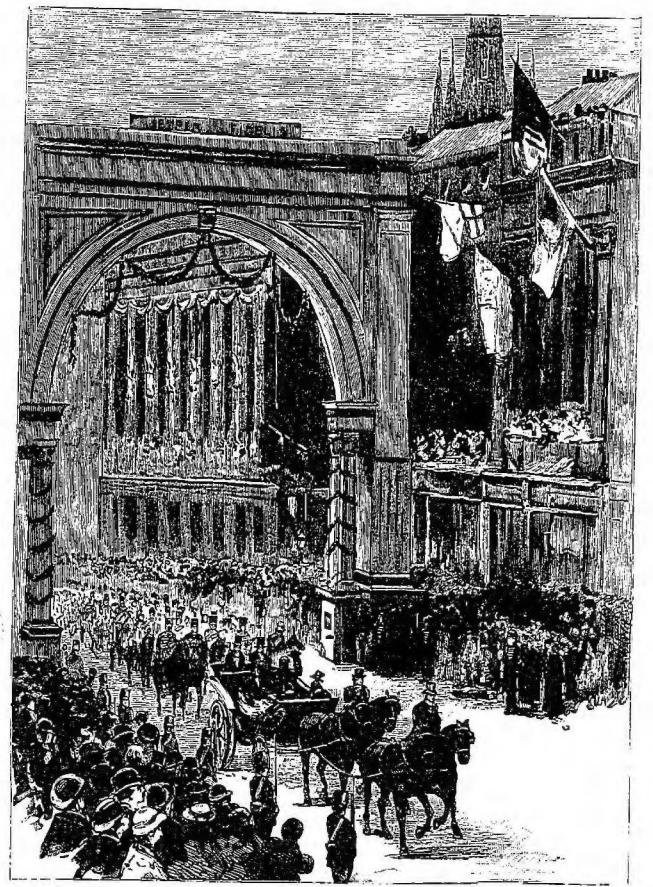
WAITING FOR THE ROYAL PARTY—A PEEP AT THE DECORATIONS FROM THE PORTICO OF THE THEATRE ROYAL, GREY STREET



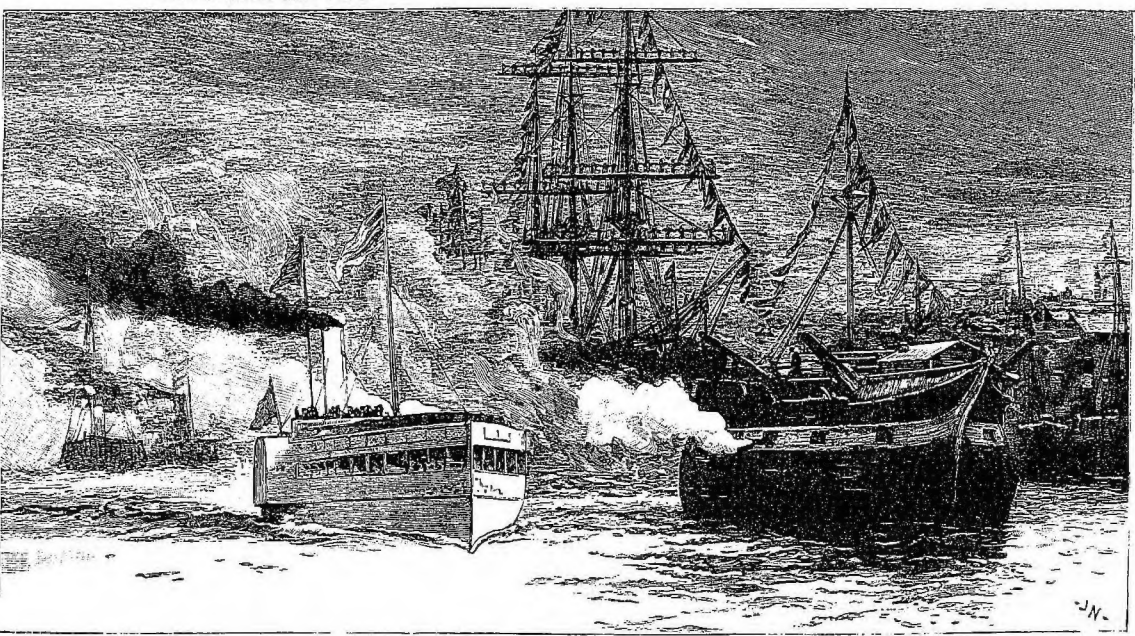
STEAMERS PASSING HEBBURN ON THE TYNE—SCHOOL-CHILDREN DRAWN UP IN THE SHAPE OF PRINCE OF WALES'S FEATHERS



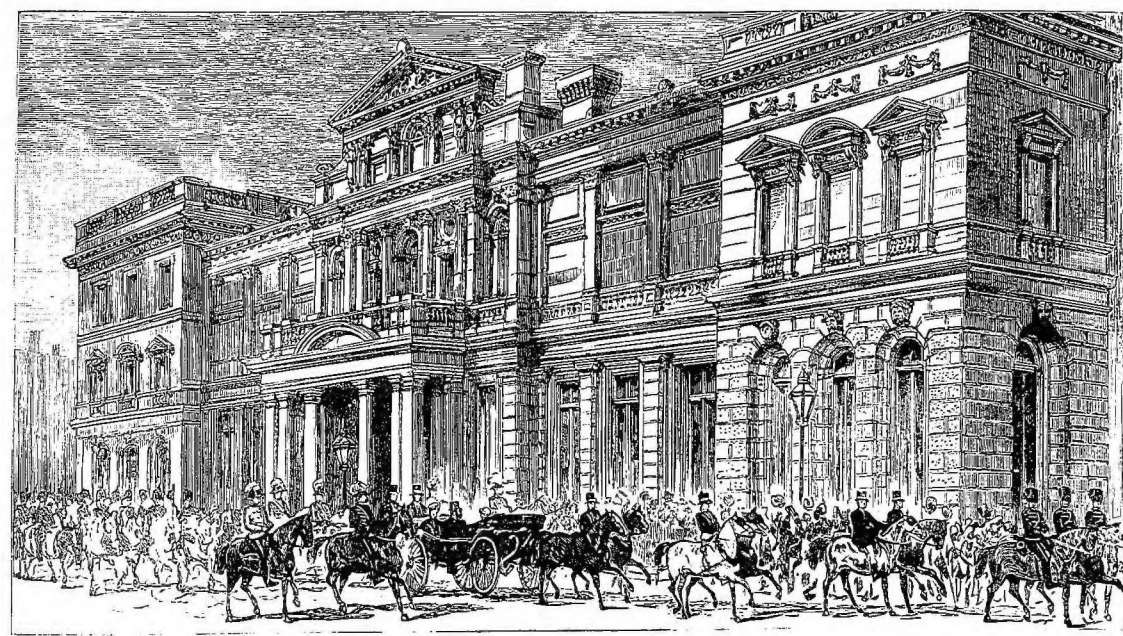
OPENING UP THE ALBERT EDWARD DOCK, COBLE DENE—THE "PARA-E-AMAZONAS" CUTTING THE RIBAND



THE ROYAL PARTY PASSING THROUGH THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH, GREY STREET



H.M.S. "CASTOR" FIRING A ROYAL SALUTE



THE FREE LIBRARY

THE VISIT OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES TO NEWCASTLE



FRANCE AND CHINA.—Negotiations between France and China were definitely broken off on Thursday week, when, the Chinese Government having refused the French ultimatum, the French tricolour at Peking was lowered, and Li-Fong-Pao demanded and received his passports from M. Jules Ferry. On Saturday, as we detail in our Illustration article, Foochow was bombarded by Admiral Courbet, but as the French look upon this step merely as a reprisal for the Langson affair, no declaration of war was issued. The news of the bombardment was received in Paris with a curious lack of enthusiasm, the chief feeling apparently being one of intense irritation against England for her outspoken criticisms on Admiral Courbet's asserted want of humanity in cannonading sinking ships, and neglecting to save wounded and drowning men. No official account of the bombardment came to hand until Wednesday, for Admiral Courbet, being unwilling to send his despatches through neutral agencies at Foochow, was unable previously to communicate with his Government. The only detailed account of the affair, however, is that given by the *Times* correspondent, who has greatly angered the French by his strictures on Admiral Courbet. The most bitter reproaches have been addressed to England and the English, one journal heading its article, "You are a Liar," another reviving the old tale that Tel-el-Kebir was won with gold, and not with lead; while M. de Cassagnac, in the *Pays*, prophesies the rapid downfall of "the most execrable nation in Europe," and foresees the day when "Young Russia and Young Germany, with the aid of France, will drive her back to her island, and divide the colonies which she has so unfairly acquired." It is not unlikely that this outburst of irritation is caused by the undeniable anxiety with which the French cannot help regarding the Chinese campaign, which, whatever the Ministerial organs may affirm, is far from popular with the country. It is felt that the hostile policy in the East will seriously injure international commerce, and thus bring about interference on the part of the other Powers. The more sober journals also, such as the *Temps* and the *Débats*, are warning M. Ferry not to exceed his powers, and remind him that the Constitution requires him to summon the Chambers before entering upon a war. M. Ferry, however, if we are to credit certain statements made to the *Times* correspondent, has no intention at present of "imposing a premature task on the Chambers."

From CHINA itself comes little news. According to general report, the Tsung-li-Yamen have determined upon war à outrance, and preparations are being for an invasion of Tonquin, to be preceded by a formal declaration of war against France. There have been as yet no disorders reported from the Treaty Ports.

The cholera continues to make serious headway in FRANCE and ITALY. At Marseilles and Toulon the epidemic, which suffered a severe recrudescence owing to the return of the refugees, is now again on the decline; but the disease is fast spreading throughout the southern provinces. In Italy the epidemic is assuming serious proportions, and there has been a very virulent outbreak at Spezia (due, it is said, to the pollution of the water supply), sixty-eight deaths being chronicled in one day. Energetic measures were at once adopted—all passenger trains were suspended, and a strict military cordon placed round the town, whose inhabitants are thus completely isolated from the outer world. The provinces of Cuneo, Bergamo, Parma, Massa Carrara, and Porto Maurizio are also suffering severely. The form of the disease seems also to be terribly virulent, and in one train, from Spezia to Genoa, four persons attacked with cholera died on the journey. Every long-distance train is now to carry a doctor and be provided with an infirmary. All possible preventive measures are being taken by the Government, which has forbidden all fairs and gatherings, save the weekly markets. In many cases the Ministers themselves visit and inspect the infected districts, while on Tuesday King Humbert, with Signor Depretis, went to Busca, and not only inspected the hospital and lazaretto, but visited many patients at their own houses. The disease has also appeared in SWITZERLAND, where several deaths have occurred at Geneva.

The announcement that General Wolseley is to assume the command of the forces in EGYPT gives additional importance to the Nile Expedition which is being fitted out under General Earle. Taken together with the despatch of Lord Northbrook, this step is generally looked upon as a proof that the British Government at last intends to take Egyptian affairs strenuously in hand, and to make some definitive endeavour to place them upon a stable footing. The official notification of Lord Wolseley's appointment alludes to his successful conduct of the Red River Expedition (on the basis of which the present expenditure been organised), and while expressing the hope that Major Kitchener may succeed in effecting communication with General Gordon, announces that having regard to the cold season no time should be lost in providing means of proceeding to his assistance in the event of his being unable to execute his mission by other means. Some 600 Canadian boatmen are to be brought over to man the Nile boats, while the Governor-General of Canada has asked 50 Iroquois Indians to volunteer for the Egyptian Campaign. In Egypt Proper all is expectation and preparation. Sir Evelyn Wood is at Wady Halfa, where a sufficient force for hauling the steamers up the Cataract will shortly have been collected, 1,500 men having arrived from Dongola, with a promise of 1,600 to follow. The Nile is rising, and operations will begin next week. The Expedition will probably not start before November 1st, when all the rowing boats will have arrived. The Egyptian Camel Corps, under Major Marriott, will accompany the expeditionary force, which will number about 5,300 British soldiers. At Dongola the Mudir seems to be affording all the assistance in his power, though in some quarters there is still some doubt of his trustworthiness and sincerity. According to the statement of the soldiers belonging to the garrison at Berber, who were taken at Debbah, the capture of Berber was effected by 50,000 Arabs, who took the town by assault, the defensive force consisting only of 2,300 men, with two steamers and one gun. Six hundred and thirty-six Egyptian officers and men are now slaves in Berber, where the rebels now use the name of Mahomet Achmet (the Mahdi) in their prayers in place of that of the Sultan. All "Turks" are pronounced to be heathens. A Dervish has arrived at Debbah from Khartoum. He reports that General Gordon a fortnight ago inflicted a severe defeat upon the enemy. At Suakim the desultory warfare between the garrison and the rebels continues; while Massowah is declared to be "uninhabitable" from the constant earthquakes, the public comfort not being enhanced by the cattle raiding and general predatory proclivities of Ras Allula's troops.

In GERMANY the sudden death of the British Ambassador, Lord Ampthill, has called forth universal expressions of regret and sympathy. Lord Ampthill had represented England at Berlin for thirteen years, was on the most friendly terms with the Emperor and Prince Bismarck, and most popular in all Teutonic circles. His loss at a time when our relations with Germany are not of the warmest description will be severely felt. The Emperor and Empress have both testified the warmest sympathy with Lord Ampthill's family, and have paid visits of condolence to Lady

Ampthill.—There is little political news this week beyond the visit of the French Ambassador, Baron de Courcel, to Prince Bismarck at Varzin—a step which has once more set all the quidnuncs of Europe on the watch for the conclusion of a Franco-German alliance directed against England. The Teutonic journals, however, apparently satisfied with having inspired the French Press with a spirit of Anglomania, have been wonderfully quiescent this week. At the same time the colonisation fever is being diligently fostered, and prominence is given to a letter from Mr. Stanley on the Congo question, in which he pleads for a recognition by the Great Powers of the "Congo Free States" of the International Association, the scheme of which is now being elaborated in Brussels, and protests against the Portuguese usurpation of the Lower Congo. Meanwhile, Dr. Nachtigal and the various commanders on the West Coast of Africa are energetically annexing various districts, and placing them under the protection of the German flag.—The report that the Emperor will have an interview with the Czar and the Emperor of Austria is gaining ground.—A congress of Young Men's Christian Association delegates is now sitting at Berlin, and has received an exceedingly sympathetic letter from the Emperor.—Prince Bismarck has decided upon establishing a Legation in Persia. Herr von Braunschweig is to be the Minister, and will be accompanied by the well known Egyptologist, Brugsch Pasha.

RUSSIA has been busy with her naval and military manoeuvres at Cronstadt, which have passed off with great success. The plan of action was a hostile naval squadron advancing up the Gulf of Finland to St. Petersburg, which was weakly defended and awaiting reinforcements. The attacking force was commanded by General Timoseyeff, and the capital was defended by General von Driesen.—There has been another anti-Jewish outbreak—this time at Kutais, in the Caucasus—a report having been spread that the Jews had stolen a Christian child, who had been temporarily missed by its parents. The mob rushed upon the Jewish quarter, crying "Down with the Bloodsuckers," but fortunately the police found the child in the very nick of time.—Great preparations are being made for the visit of the Czar to Warsaw, where he is expected on the 3rd prox.—The Czar has ordered General Todleben's body to be taken to Sebastopol, where a monument to his memory will be erected.—A Russian journal has actually said a good word for England,—the *Novosti* has acknowledged that "the English Premier recognises in a most honourable way Russia's right to reap the fruits of her sacrifices in Central Asia—a right similar to that enjoyed by England in Egypt." Moreover, the world is told that "the humiliation of England would completely disturb the balance of power in Europe, and that nothing has been done by Russia to bring about such a result for the special benefit of Germany." The latter assertion has a very decided ring of truth about it.

In INDIA the Ameer of Afghanistan declines to guarantee the safety of the Afghan Boundary Commission by the Candahar route along one piece of the road, namely, through the district of Zamindawar, so that the Mushki route will now be adopted. Thus, on reaching the Helmund, the Commission will proceed straight to Herat through the Afghan territory. Colonel Ridgeway has already gone to Quetta, and the remainder of the party will follow on next week. General Sir O. Tanner's little expedition against the Kakar Pathans of the Zhob Valley will start from Quetta on the 12th prox. Much uneasiness continues to be excited by the constant seditious tone of the vernacular Press, whose articles are growing still more and more violent. "Fiends" and "demons" are now common terms for Englishmen, and one Bengalee organ regrets that the people of India do not "gird up their loins to get rid of the oppression of white men." The quarrel between the Lieutenant-Governor and the Calcutta Corporation respecting the sanitation of the city continues, and thirty-one of the members of the Corporation have resigned in a huff.

THE UNITED STATES are now completely absorbed in preparations for the coming Presidential campaign, and some little anxiety has been caused by the temporary illness of Mr. Blaine. Financial circles, also, are showing further signs of uneasiness, as the indications of a war of freight and passage rates from the West to the seaboard are growing more pronounced. The President of the First National Bank at Albion, Mr. Albert Warner, who recently absconded, and whose defalcations caused the bank to suspend payment, is now found to have been a heavy speculator. He is also stated to have made away with an estate of 100,000*l.*, of which he was the trustee. The asserted cannibalism of the Greely Expedition continues to excite much discussion, and the bodies of the dead men have now been examined. Those of Kisingbury, Jewell, Whistler, Henry Ellis, and Ralston are found to have been cut, and the flesh more or less removed. The other bodies were intact.

CANADA is settling the members of the British Association, which held its first meeting at Montreal on Wednesday, under the Presidency of Lord Rayleigh. The proceedings began with the presentation of an address from the Mayor and Aldermen of Montreal, appropriate replies being made by Sir W. Thomson and Lord Rayleigh. In the evening the first general meeting took place, the first speech being made by Lord Lansdowne, who warmly welcomed the members of the Association in the name of the Canadian people. Sir W. Thomson replied, and expressed great regret on the part of Professor Cayley, the retiring President, that he was unable to be present and introduce Lord Rayleigh as his successor. Lord Rayleigh then delivered his address. The meeting took place in the Queen's Hall of the McGill College. This building has been fitted up for the use of the Association, all postal and telegraphic facilities being provided, covered ways being erected between the buildings, and a large tent erected in the grounds for a dining hall. The Canadians are showing the utmost hospitality to their guests, and extensive arrangements have been made for excursions to Quebec, Ottawa, and other points of interest, the intervals between the meetings being filled up with garden parties and soirées galore. To-day (Saturday) Quebec will entertain a small party of 600 members.

MISCELLANEOUS NEWS.—It is stated in TURKEY that the Sultan is very dissatisfied with our Egyptian policy, and with the scanty respect we show to his suzerainty; consequently he is going once more to address a Note on the subject to the Great Powers.—In HOLLAND an International Agricultural Institution has been opened at Amsterdam. Her Majesty is an exhibitor, and has been awarded a prize for her pigs. The Dutch Government has addressed an ultimatum to the Rajah of Tenom to release the captive crew of the *Nisero* within a fortnight.—In SPAIN the King and Queen are continuing their tour, attended everywhere by brilliant official festivities.—In ITALY the constant robberies outside Rome are exciting much apprehension. The police, as usual, seem incompetent to prevent or punish these outrages.—In SWITZERLAND the Berne Government have prohibited Salvationist meetings in the Canton on the ground that the proceedings of the Salvation Army have no religious character.—In ASHANTI King Quacow Duah has died. At his funeral 300 human beings were sacrificed. Ex-King Coffee Calcalli has also died suddenly, and the Ashantee chiefs have, in view of the accession of Meniah, a well-known tyrant, petitioned for a British protectorate.—In ZULULAND there is renewed uneasiness. A proclamation has been issued at Pretoria, declaring the establishment of a Boer Republic in Zululand, and that Dinzulu, Cetewayo's son, who was proclaimed King by the Boers, sanctions the step.—In MADAGASCAR the French are stated to have suffered a repulse in an attack on an outpost south of

Mojakandrianombana.—In SOUTH AMERICA all is not yet quiet in Peru, but the President, General Vglesiass, has defeated the troops under General Caceres, who recently declared himself Dictator, and advanced upon Lima.



ACCORDING to present arrangements the Queen will leave Osborne on Monday for Scotland, and will be accompanied by the Duchess of Albany. Her Majesty has taken her customary drives with Princess Beatrice, and on Sunday, with the Crown Princess of Germany, Princess Beatrice, and the young Princesses Victoria, Sophia, and Margaret of Prussia, attended Divine Service at Osborne. The Rev. Canon Capel Cure, M.A., Chaplain-in-Ordinary, officiated. On Monday the Queen inspected four pieces of plate which had been presented to the Seaforth Highlanders, the principal centre-piece being given by the late Duke of Albany and the nobility and gentry of Stirlingshire, Dumbartonshire, Clackmannanshire, and Kinross-shire. In the evening Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg dined with Her Majesty, and the Earl and Countess Granville arrived at the Castle. Tuesday being the anniversary of the Prince Consort's death, the Crown Princess of Germany and Princess Victoria took breakfast with the Queen and Princess Beatrice. Her Majesty subsequently conferred the Order of Knighthood on Mr. William Hoffmeister, M.D., who had attended the Queen and Royal Family for forty years.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, who together with their family were last week the guests of Lord Rosebery at Dalmeny Park, drove into Edinburgh last week and visited the Forestry Exhibition and St. Giles's Cathedral. The Prince and Princess afterwards drove to the Royal Infirmary, and gave their names to two of the wards. On Saturday the Prince and Princess, with their sons and daughters, inspected the Forth Bridge Works, and lunched with the Countess Dowager and Lord Hopetoun, at Hopetoun House. They subsequently planted two cedar trees in memory of their visit, returning in the evening to Dalmeny. On Sunday the Prince and Princess and Princesses attended Divine Service on board H.M.S. *Warden*, and on Monday, after the young Princesses had each planted a tree in front of the mansion, left Dalmeny Park for Aberfeldie, where the Prince and Princess will spend the autumn. The Prince of Wales will visit Doncaster during the races, which commence on September 9th. He will be the guest of Mr. Christopher Sykes, M.P., at Brantingham Thorpe. The Prince and Princess of Wales will be present at two performances of the Musical Festival at Norwich, which begins on October 14th. They will stay at Melton Constable as the guests of Lord Hastings.

The Duke of Edinburgh, with the Channel Squadron, has been at Lough Foyle. On Saturday he was presented with addresses from the Corporation of Londonderry, after which the Duke, with his son Prince Alfred, proceeded to Down Hill, where he was the guest of Sir Harvey Bruce. On Monday the Duke and his son visited the Giant's Causeway, being driven to Coleraine Station in a four-in-hand, and finishing the journey in the electric cars. The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh will be the guests of Mr. Christopher Sykes, M.P., for two days, on their visit to Hull, where they will arrive on September 30th. The Duke and Duchess will open the Orphan Asylum Bazaar, Hull, the following day.—The Crown Prince and Princess of Germany, with their family, left Cowes on Saturday for Germany. Princess William of Prussia is suffering from scarlet fever; the young Princesses have been removed to a private villa adjoining the Marble Palace. The baptism of the infant Prince, fixed for the 31st inst., has, of course, been postponed.—The Crown Prince and Princess of Austria were thrown out of their carriage while driving from the station at Limberg to Luxembourg. The Crown Prince grazed his hand and was severely bruised, but the Princess sustained no injury.



IF THE NUMBER OF SIGNATURES to Parliamentary petitions were a test of general opinion, legislation for Sunday closing would seem to commend itself more than any other to the community at large. Last Session it was asked for in 6,126 petitions, with 584,517 signatures, eight times the number of signatures affixed to petitions in favour of the Franchise Bill.

IT IS WITH THE CLERGYMAN who is Rector of Grasmere as with any other man who "consents against his will." In deference to the strongly expressed opinion of his Diocesan, the Bishop of Carlisle, he has withdrawn the announcement of his intention to refuse after Christmas the rites of the Church at the burial of any parishioner who has not been a communicant, but he says that he still holds the views which induced him to make it.

TO TORY DEMOCRACY there has been added of late what may be called "Clerical Democracy," and during Mr. Henry George's recent visit to this country several London clergymen made themselves conspicuous by publicly promoting his scheme of land nationalisation. It is this which has probably induced the Carlisle branch of the body calling itself euphemistically the English Land Restoration League to think of bringing the subject of Land Nationalisation before the Church Congress at its meeting next month in that city.

THE DEAN OF WELLS makes an appeal through the Press on behalf of a movement to place memorials of Bishop Ken in Wells Cathedral, that of the Diocese over which he presided. Bishop Ken is known in devotional literature as the author of the Morning and Evening Hymns, and in the history of the Church as one of the seven Bishops who resisted the dispensing power of James II., and as also one of the five among them who refused to take the oaths to James's successor. Macaulay says that Bishop Ken, "both in intellectual and in moral qualities, ranked highest among the Non-juring prelates." But that he was a Non-juror, and retired from his Diocese in consequence, perhaps accounts for the fact, which the Dean of Wells seems to think singular, that there is no memorial of him in his own Cathedral.

THE DISUSED BURIAL GROUND attached to St. John's, Clerkenwell, is hidden away among houses in a nook of the most densely-populated district of Mid-London, close to the Farringdon Street Railway and the Metropolitan Meat Market. One hundred and seventy pounds have been recently spent in defending it from illegal encroachment, and the Rector of St. John's, Clerkenwell, now appeals to the public for the sum of 500*l.* to convert it into a "spot of greenery," and plant it with trees and shrubs as a place of recreation and rest for the toilers of the neighbourhood and their families. The Holborn Board of Works being, it seems, indisposed to become its owners, and the Metropolitan Boulevard Society being too poor to help, the only hope for its utilisation is in the liberality of the philanthropic public.

CANADIAN PICTURES*

A CLEAR, unbiased account of the Dominion of Canada has for some time been much wanted on all hands. The Marquis of Lorne has met this want with a work which is sure to interest the general reader by the liveliness of its style and the beauty of its illustrations, and which is all the more valuable to intending emigrants because it looks at the prospects and advantages of the country from an independent point of view. This latter class is and ought to be suspicious of the emigration agent, and will naturally prefer the Marquis's testimony even to that of those clergymen who, autumn after autumn, desert their parishes in order to "personally conduct" a "team" of young gentlemen farm-labourers.

Lord Lorne is perfectly satisfied on two points—the matchless fertility of many of the new lands, and the small percentage of failures (about one per cent.) among those who have made their way to the far North-West. Manitoba has grass-land enough to supply the world with hay; and its wheat-yield is twenty-nine bushels per acre, the average in the United Kingdom being 28.5, in the United States 12.3, in South Australia 8. The same with barley and oats; and the friable black mould seems as inexhaustible as the similar soil in South Russia. The climate in the North-West, the Marquis thinks, will only do for healthy people of strong constitution; for them it is admirable. Lady Cathcart's Hebrideans, so careworn and desponding when they left the Broomielaw, were found to be bright and hearty, and able to work much harder with less effort than they could at home. When the Marquis was taking evidence as to climate, an Irishman, pushing to the front, said: "I want you to tell this to my people at home. I came from the County Armagh, and I was thatching my house last year in the cold weather, and I felt it far less than I did the last time I thatched in Armagh." An old Scotchwoman wrote home: "It's fine to see the bairns play in the snow without getting their feet wet." But, if his simple narrative of the promise and actual performance of the new territories fills us with wonder, almost with awe, the Marquis's own enthusiasm extends to the poorer lands, old and new. He thinks a man might do much worse than lay out 200*l.* in buying a Nova Scotia farm; and he is sure that even Newfoundland has been underrated, partly because of the absurd building restrictions which are still in force along "the French shore." Of Algoma and other poor lands, now in course of settlement ("the Celt," he says, "gets a living off land which English and Germans despise"), he is sure that they are the destined home of a race as physically and intellectually distinguished as that which has grown up on the equally unpromising soil of New England.

Who, then, ought to emigrate? Not clerks, nor governesses, nor families wholly without capital but with lots of small children; but people who are prepared to work hard, and who have money in their pockets—50*l.* for a single man, and at least 120*l.* (if double the sum, so much the better) for a family. Some, like Cauchon, who took his wife and five children from near Quebec to Lake St. John, and "founded the parish of St. Jerome," succeed without a farthing. But Cauchons are very rare; and, though Lord Lorne is silent about the cruel mistake made by some Irish Boards of Guardians in sending out pauper families and leaving them to sink or swim, he very pointedly remarks that Lady Cathcart advanced to her emigrants 100*l.* per family, and that the start which this help gave was "an assurance of prosperity." He had said all this before in his lecture at Birmingham; but it cannot be too often impressed on the minds of those at home that moneyless families, unless they come out to friends able and willing to set them going, had better not come at all; and that, though the unskilled labourer can generally reckon on work all the year round, "the best class to come out is either the blacksmith, carpenter, &c., or the small farmer with a little money." Nor is much previous knowledge needed. A Sheffield banker who had tried South Africa, a Methodist preacher with his sons, a civil engineer, a Ceylon coffee planter, had all become thriving because, having things arranged for them beforehand by those on the spot, they had set at once to work without wasting their substance in looking round.

Such a magnificent country, so near home, must attract an ever-increasing number of immigrants. The pity is that, while land still remains cheap, philanthropic companies or individuals don't buy large tracts, and, by a system of model-farming, relieve our great centres of some of that puzzlingly irreducible "residuum" which, if sent out unlooked after, will only swell the pauper element in the Dominion.

The thing would be difficult, and far more care would be needed for adults than that which Miss Rye and Miss Macpherson (to whom the Marquis awards due praise) bestow on little street Arabs, and even then there would be much more than one per cent. of failures. But something might be done; and the experiment is surely worth trying.

One unexpected reason why the Marquis prefers the Dominion to the United States as an emigration-field is its freer Government! And of this Government in all its branches he gives a very lucid sketch. He touches lightly on the vexed question of Free Trade. The Canadians are John Bullish in their self-will; and, if they are willing to pay for the luxury of Protection, why should "the Lord Norths of our day" forbid them to do so? The presence in England of a High Commissioner, the forerunner, he hopes, of a Council of envoys, will be most valuable if our Government has the good sense seriously to confer with him on trade matters affecting both countries.

While fully alive to everything of present interest, from the rapid increase of the French (is he right in calling them Bretons rather than Normans?), who are filling township after township in New England, and the excellent working of the Winnipeg University, which may be recommended to those who declare that a similar experiment would be the ruin of Ireland, to such small matters as the Montreal Fox Hunt and the grooming of dogs and horses with rotary brushes, the Marquis by no means neglects the past. He gives a clear picture of the old French feudalism, and how it fell before England because men like Voltaire despised and neglected what they chose to call "a few acres of snow." He lets us catch a glimpse here and there of those "nightmares of history" which sadden the early relations between whites and redskins; and he has many interesting notes on the Indians of to-day. He hopes some of them are taking to agriculture in good earnest, and believes that they will rather be absorbed than exterminated. The book is full of quiet humour; thus Lord Lorne accounts for the fewness of Jews by the large influx of Scots, and he stamps Newmarket in Ontario as a place for making money, whereas its Cambridgeshire namesake is a place for losing it; but the best joke comes in in his account of a pow-wow, where the interpreter, though a half-caste, abridged the pompous flowery harangues of each successive chief into the terse sentence, "Oh! he say grub!" He does not fail to note the small size of the cities as compared with the total population, and takes this as a sign that life in the Dominion is on a healthier basis than in big-cities Australia for instance. He has a high opinion of the loyalty of the Canadian French. We have certainly deserved much better of them than did their mother country; and kind consideration has reaped the same reward in Canada as in the Channel Islands. But the loyalty of the Dominion should be backed with a naval arsenal with torpedoes and other coast defences and cavalry as well as infantry Volunteers; nor is it safe for "commissions to be given to untried and untrained men."

Apart from the value of "Canadian Pictures" as a guide, we have

* "Canadian Pictures with Pen and Pencil," by the Marquis of Lorne, K.T. (Religious Tract Society).

seldom read a book with more pleasure, the subjects touched on are so many and so varied. Why have the reindeer never been domesticated in the New World? Is it that the red man had crossed Behring's Straits before the art of taming them had been learnt? Is the *Loxodon Canadense* really a living organism or a mere accident of mineral form? Did the red men really invent "heliography" in war? How is it that Prince Edward's Island was densely wooded, despite the sweeping gales? (the same question may be asked of the North-West of Ireland and Scotland, once covered with forests). Why do the Icelanders, now settling in Manitoba, not make good colonists? Such are a few of the interesting speculations scattered through the work. The illustrations, some of them by the Marquis, some by Mr. Sydney Hall, are worthy of the text; and Mr. E. Whymper has done them justice and himself credit in the engraving. "Seal Driving" is about as pathetic a picture as any we can think of; while "the horse in snowshoes" is irresistibly comic. People who want Athabasca and Saskatchewan and Assiniboine to be something more for them than names to conjure with, will do well to read this very pleasant and well got-up volume.



MR. AUGUSTIN DALY's American company at TOOLE'S THEATRE close their series of performances this (Saturday) evening. The hot weather, which has led people to prefer outdoor amusements, has undoubtedly, as at other theatres, had the effect of thinning their audiences, but besides this it must be confessed that, judged by a European standard, the plays in which they have appeared have been for the most part rather feeble, clumsily-constructed affairs. A farcical piece, called *Needles and Pins*, which was produced last Saturday, was in this respect no better than its predecessors. It is a mistake in such a piece to have a plot intended to arouse a pathetic interest. The said plot, however, was so cloudily set forth that the audience cared nothing for it, while at the same time they were greatly amused by the humorous characters who successively appear on the scene. For example, Mr. James Lewis, as the elderly bachelor, who thinks he is making love in his wig, when he has really left it in his hat; Mrs. Gilbert, as the faded beauty, with a considerable genius for horn-piping; Mr. Drew, as the wide-awake young lawyer; and Miss Kehan, as an *ingénue*, with a quaint mixture of simplicity and shrewdness, are all in their several ways admirable. There is a novelty in the types which they present which has a special charm for Britishers, and we believe that if they were to come over here next year with a really adequate play—if any American is capable of such a production—they would take amazingly. Next Tuesday the theatre will reopen, under the management of Messrs. Edouin and Lionel Brough, with a new burlesque, entitled *The Babes; or, Whines from the Wood*.

At a *matinée* on Thursday week at the VAUDEVILLE, Mr. Walter Browne produced his new comedy, *A Wet Day*, with great success. It treats of the misfortunes of a young stockbroker, John Enderby, who, in the absence of his wife, has gone on the "scoop" with his father-in-law, Mr. Alderman Chinkible. Enderby's wife and mother-in-law return unexpectedly, and attribute the Alderman's misdeeds to the unlucky stockbroker, who, having no recollection of what has occurred, believes himself guilty. The situations, though somewhat broad, were very amusing, but the dialogue was rather uneven—here and there really witty, while in other places the word-twistings reminded one of a Gaiety burlesque. Mr. Charles Groves took the part of Enderby with much spirit; Miss Caroline Elton made a very typical mother-in-law; and Miss Addie Conyers kept the difficult part of Miss Tottie de Vere, an artist's model, within proper limits.

On Wednesday afternoon a new comedy-drama was produced at the GAIETY, entitled *Faith: or, Edification and Rights*. It did not rise above the usual *matinée* level, the characters and situations being conventional, and the dialogue rather diffuse than brilliant. In pieces of this sort one usually feels that the actors are too good for the material they have to work upon. Mr. A. B. Tapping played skilfully as a rascally attorney of the ordinary stage type; Mr. Smiley and Miss Nellie Phillips did their best to enliven the more serious portions of the drama by good acting of some rather feeble comic scenes; and Mr. Herbert Akhurst was both excellently made up, and also evoked some genuine laughter in the small part of a farm-labourer.

The World, by that famous trinity of authors, Meritt, Pettitt, and Harris, is to be revived at DRURY LANE on September 11th.

Mr. Wilson Barrett reopens the PRINCESS's this (Saturday) evening with *Claudian and Chatterton*.

Miss Ellen Terry's hand was injured by vaccination, and now her namesake, Mr. Edward Terry, has hurt his hand badly by the bursting of a pistol at the Great Varnmouth Theatre.

A new drama by James Willing, entitled *Daybreak*, will be produced on Monday at the STANDARD.

The NOVELTY, under Miss Nelly Harris's management, as before, will reopen in September.



THE TURF.—After broiling on the moors and on board yachts, it was a great relief to many to find themselves at York in cool weather. The Meeting, however, was but a dull one, the fields, owing to the long continuance of dry weather, being very meagre, and nothing of interest transpiring either in the racing or in the market in reference to Leger candidates. The opening day was singularly spiritless, only three animals going to the post for the Great Breeders' Stakes, won by the favourite, King Monmouth, and five for the Yorkshire Oaks, in which the most fancied, Spring Morn, was beaten by Clochette. Conaglen, with the odds of 10 to 1 on him, made short work of Georgina for the Twenty-Eighth Biennial, and on the following day, with 3 to 1 on him, easily beat Marjorie and Ghenghiz Khan for the Ebor St. Leger. The Great Ebor Handicap produced seven runners, and was won by the favourite, Ben Alder, Quilt, the second favourite, being second.—There is little or no change in the St. Leger market, Scot Free and Superba still ruling as the two first favourites.—There was satisfaction in English racing circles when the news came that Mr. Hammond's Florence had won the Grand Jubilee Prize at Baden-Baden.

CRICKET.—Heavy scoring again has been the order of the day on the dry wickets, and "centuries" have become quite common. The Notts and Australians' Match, at the end of last week, on the Trent Bridge Ground, drew together many thousands of spectators from the Midland districts, and, indeed, a very general interest was felt in it by cricketers throughout the country. It will be remembered that some weeks ago Notts made an excellent fight against

the Colonials; and, as the County has gone on improving, it was thought by many that it would be equal to defeating them. The Australians made 205, but Notts beat this by eight runs, and then got their opponents down for the comparatively small score of 141. Unfortunately time did not permit of the match being played out, but as Notts had only lost one wicket for 15 runs, the draw was most decidedly in favour of the County, which is to be congratulated on the performance.—The Australians have fared better this week at Brighton in their match against Past and Present Cantabs, the latter greatly disappointing their friends. The two Australian innings were represented by the figures 190 and 180—not very large totals, but Cambridge could only put together 135 and 93, and thus lost by 142 runs. The bowling of Spofforth in this match for the Colonists was almost phenomenal, as he took 13 wickets for 85 runs.—The Cheltenham week closed with a draw between Gloucestershire and Middlesex, the Western county at the finish wanting 123 runs to win and ten wickets to fall. There was some big scoring in this match, O'Brien making 110 for Middlesex, and Pullen 161 for Gloucestershire.—Though Sussex has wonderfully improved during the last few weeks, its victory over Yorkshire by an innings and 19 runs can hardly be taken as true cricket.—At the Oval Surrey has beaten Derbyshire by seven wickets; and Lancashire Kent by eight wickets; but the last-named county has a modicum of consolation in having defeated Somersetshire.

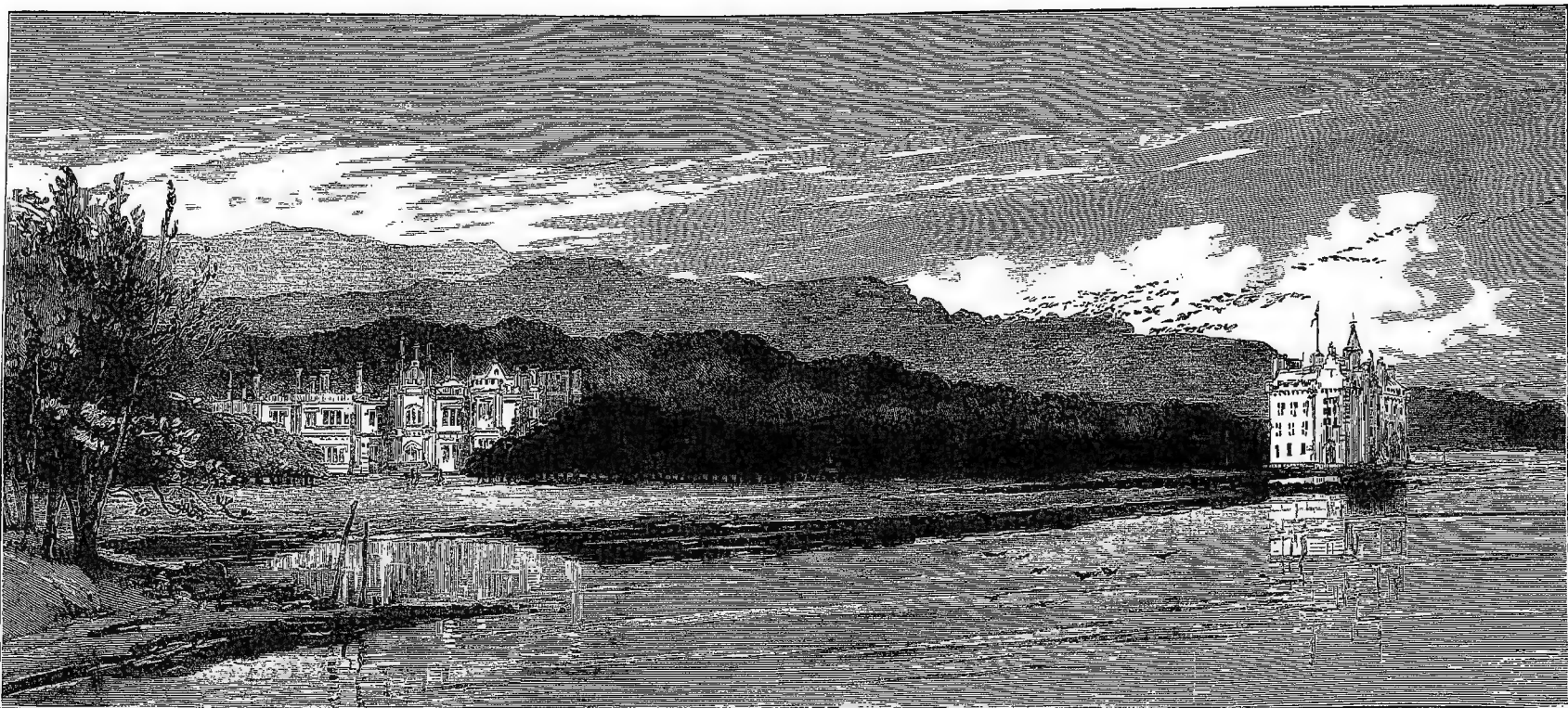
CYCLING.—At Leicester, on Saturday last, nine professionals started for the Twenty Miles' Championship, which was won by Wood in 59 min. 18½ sec. Howell was second, ten yards behind the winner, and Lees third.—Mr. Alfred Nixon, captain of the London Tricycle Club, has just completed his second journey between Land's End and John o'Groat's House. Two years ago he accomplished the distance, 856 miles, in fourteen days, but he has now done it on an Imperial Club tricycle, with luggage, in 8 days 11¼ hours.—This trip, however, is but a short one compared with the 3,500 miles recently done on a bicycle by Mr. T. Stevens, an English tourist, between San Francisco and Boston.

AQUATICS.—Some activity will be imparted to professional aquatics in the first week of October, when a double-sculling match between Bubeur and Largan on the one part, and Godwin and Perkins on the other, will take place for 100*l.* a-side, over the Championship Course. The first-named are individually the better men, but are not so well together as a pair as their opponents.—Talking of double-sculling, this and treble-sculling have been much more in vogue on the Thames and elsewhere for boating excursions than either pair oar or randan rowing. Indeed, banks of sculls are now all the rage, ladies specially affecting them.—The annual four-oared race between the representatives of various "Dailies" took place on Saturday last. The *Daily Telegraph*, *Daily News*, *Daily Chronicle*, *Standard*, and *Sporting Life* put in an appearance, but the first-named had its own way, and won easily.

SWIMMING.—Two important Championships have just been decided. For the Amateur 500 Yards, at the Lambeth Baths, there were four starters, of whom T. Cairns, of the Everton S.C., 220 and 440 Yards Champion, won easily enough, doing the distance in 7 min. 32½ sec., which was 11½ sec. faster than any previous record. H. R. Shervill, of the Amateur S.C., was second, and E. C. Danels, of the North London S.C., who had won the trophy in the five previous years, third.—The record was also beaten in the contest on the Hollingworth Lake, near Manchester, for the One Mile Professional Championship. Finney, of Oldham, and Collier, of Salford, were the only competitors, the latter winning in 28 min. 19¾ sec.—Mr. Horace Davenport has recently swum from the South Parade Pier, Southsea, to the Isle of Wight in the good time of 2 hours 12 min. Mr. George White, of the Portsmouth Swimming Club, was the first to accomplish the passage, a task which is extremely difficult, owing to the strong currents.



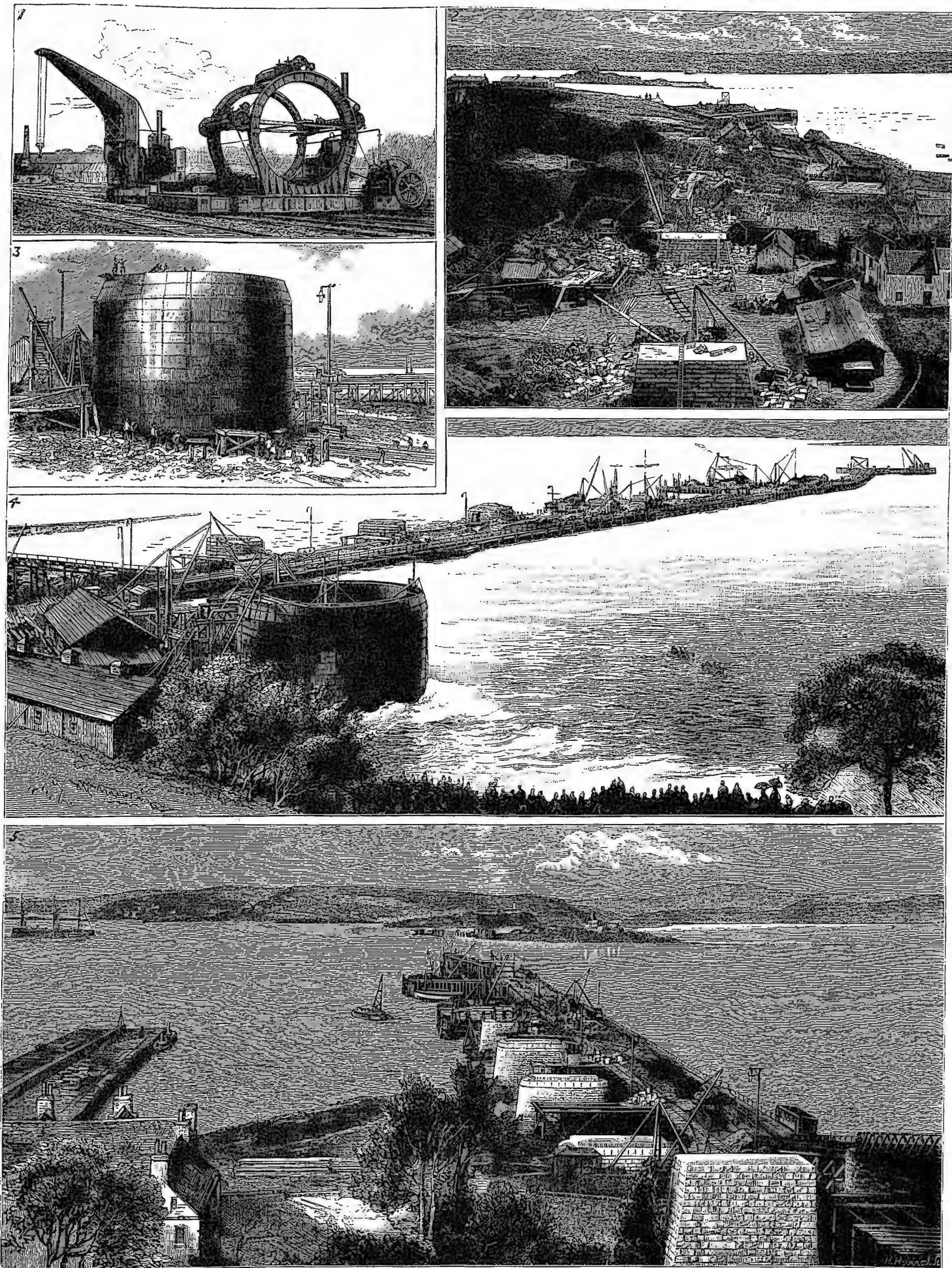
THREE CHOIRS FESTIVAL.—The orchestral rehearsals for "The 161st annual meeting of the Three Choirs of Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester" will be held next week, and on the following Sunday, September 7, the Worcester Festival will commence. The official programme likewise states that the present is "the 800th anniversary of the foundation of the present Cathedral Church," although some excellent authorities bear testimony that the cathedral was perfected by Wolfstan, twenty-fifth Bishop of this ancient See, A.D. 1030. Ten years ago, it will be recollected, Worcester rebelled against the then constitution of the Three Choirs Festivals, and the Dean refused to permit the recently-renovated Cathedral to be used as a concert-room. But a compromise was afterwards arrived at, and the festival of 1875 was the last held as a series of strictly religious services. The element of worship still, however, and very properly, enters into the festival arrangements at Worcester. There are to be daily celebrations of the Holy Communion at the comparatively early hour of seven o'clock in the morning. A special opening service will be held in the nave on Sunday morning, September 7, when Canon Knox-Little will preach the sermon, and the music will include a motet, entitled "Hymn to the Creator," for soprano solo, and chorus, by Dr. F. Bridge, of Westminster Abbey. The Psalm-chant used will be that in C by the sixteenth-century Lawes, the "Venite" by Humphrey, the "Te Deum" and "Benedictus" in F, by Sir F. Gore Ouseley, of Oxford, the time-honoured responses by Tallis, and the anthem, "When Israel out of Egypt came," by Mendelssohn. Services will be held twice daily in the Cathedral, the three choirs being reinforced by picked members of the Birmingham Festival Chorus. The anthems will be by Croft, Mendelssohn, Gibbons, Bennett, Stainer, Walmisley, and Wesley; and the music to the services by Gibbons, Hall, Wesley, Garrett, and Smart—efficient representatives of the great British School of Church Music. The general arrangements of the Festival proper have already been announced. The Monday will be spent in rehearsals of the choirs and the orchestra of seventy-four players, led by Mr. Carrodus, and conducted by Mr. Done, the Cathedral organist. On the Tuesday morning Gounod's *Redemption* will be performed, with Mesdames Albani and Patey, Messrs. Lloyd and Santley as chief vocalists. In the evening a miscellaneous programme in the Shire Hall will include Mr. Charles Harford Lloyd's new cantata, *Hero and Leander*, the only Festival novelty. This work, which has just been published by Messrs. Novello, is founded, of course, upon the story told in the poem of Musæus. It has only two characters: Leander, a baritone (Mr. Santley), and Hero, a soprano (Miss Anna Williams). A brief introduction ushers in the chorus of people, who have crossed the Hellespont from Abydos to worship at the Temple of Venus at Sestos. Some processional music, in which an endeavour has been made to imitate the old Greek mode, brings the people to the Temple, where Leander, in an aside, confesses his sudden love for the priestess Hero. A chord towards the end of this brief solo is subsequently used as a sort of "leading motive," whenever allusion is made to Leander's death. He then sings the "Hymn to



DALMENY PARK, CRAMOND, NEAR EDINBURGH, THE RESIDENCE OF LORD ROSEBERY, WHERE THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES HAVE BEEN STAYING DURING THEIR VISIT TO THE NORTH



THE WAR BETWEEN FRANCE AND CHINA—SIGNING THE TIENTSIN TREATY
FACSIMILE OF A DRAWING BY A CHINESE ARTIST



1. Machinery for Drilling the Steel Tubes of which the Bridge is to be Constructed.—2. View from the North Shore, Looking South.—3. A Caisson on Launchway, at Low Water.—4. Launch of a Caisson.—5. View from the South Shore, Looking North.

THE WORKS AT THE FORTH BRIDGE RAILWAY, N.B.

Adonis," the words used being an abbreviated paraphrase of Bion's version of the hymn, said to have actually been sung at the Feast of Adonis. The worshippers having joined in unaccompanied chorus in the hymn, depart, to allow Hero and Leander to sing their beautiful love duet. With the return of the people to Abydos the first part ends. The second part includes an air for Leander, in which the storm which destroys him as he is swimming across the Hellespont is sought to be depicted, and a pathetic scena for Hero. It concludes with a lengthy choral epilogue. On Wednesday, September 10, Cherubini's Mass in D minor, Bach's Cantata for Whitsuntide, Spohr's "Christian's Prayer," and Schubert's "Song of Miriam," will be given in the morning, and *Elijah* in the evening. On Thursday morning Dvorák will conduct his *Stabat Mater* and the first part of *St. Paul* will be given, the evening programme including a selection from Gluck's *Orpheus*. On Friday *Messiah* will be performed, and in the evening the Festival will conclude with a religious service, the Psalms being sung to a chant in F by Elvey, the Service being by Attwood, and the Anthems Purcell's "O, Sing Unto the Lord," and Beethoven's "Hallelujah to the Father."

MADAME PATTI.—Mr. Mapleson has arranged an interesting celebration for Madame Patti on November 24th next, the twenty-fifth anniversary of her operatic *début* in New York. The opera in 1884, as in 1859, will be *Lucia*, and Signor Brignoli, who was the Edgardo a quarter of a century ago, and who has now settled in New York, will resume his old part.

CARL ROSA OPERA.—Mr. Carl Rosa has been compelled to postpone the production of the new opera which Mr. A. C. Mackenzie has undertaken to compose to a libretto by Mr. Franz Hueffer for this company. It is expected that the work will not now be ready for production till the spring of 1886. The only real novelty to be performed next season will therefore be the opera Mr. Goring Thomas is writing to a libretto on a Russian subject. English adaptations of M. Massenet's *Manon*, which will be produced at Liverpool at Christmas, and of Signor Boito's *Mefistofele*, will, however, be performed for the first time in London. *Mefistofele* was produced at Dublin last week in the presence of the Lord Lieutenant and the Viceroyal party. The opera has, it is said, been magnificently placed on the stage, and its success was so great that it has been announced no less than three times within seven days. Madame Marie Roze sustained the dual rôle of Margaret and Helen of Troy, which she sang during a whole season in Italian in America. Mr. Ludwig was, it is said, an admirable Mefistofele. Mr. Barton McGuckin an equally excellent Faust, and Miss Burton played the parts of Martha and Pantalio. After an enthusiastic Dublin audience had called the artists five times before the curtain, Madame Marie Roze led forward M. Goossens, the conductor, and Mr. Carl Rosa. The company will now return to England, and will subsequently visit Scotland.

NOTES AND NEWS.—Madame Albani has been holiday-making in Scotland.—Victor Hugo, who has himself written more than one operatic libretto founded on his romance "Nôtre Dame," has interdicted the performance of Mr. Goring Thomas's opera, *Esmeralda*, at Antwerp.—The opera tenor, Señor Gayarre, was married last week to the wealthy daughter of the mayor of his native town. It is reported this artist will leave the stage.—Madame Carlotta Patti, who was already lame, has, it is said, seriously injured her ankle by a fall in Paris, and she is now confined to her room.—There is happily no truth in the report that the Abbé Liszt has been stricken with blindness.—Messdames Durand, Repetto, Brambilla, Van Zandt, Heilbron, and Stahl; MM. Sylva, Marconi, Cotogni, Scolara, and Ciampi are the chief artists engaged for the forthcoming season in Russia.—The Sacred Harmonic Society have decided on the bi-centenary of Handel's birth to perform *Belshazzar*, which was revived by the old Society in 1847. Berlioz's *L'Enfance du Christ*, Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*, and Mackenzie's *Rose of Sharon* (the last, for the first time in London after its production, at the forthcoming Norwich Festival) are also promised. Mr. Hallé will conduct, and the chief artists engaged are Messdames Valleria and Patey, Misses Nevada and Anna Williams, Messrs. Lloyd, Maas, Bridson, and Santley.—There have been no novelties of interest at the Promenade Concerts, although some rather extraordinary musical antics have been perpetrated there. For example, an orchestral paraphrase of Rossini's *Moses*, with the solos sung by children; and the familiar "Harmonious Blacksmith," attributed to Handel, but now executed (perhaps in more senses than one of the term) by the full orchestra and a military band.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES

THE Committee appointed to verify the results obtained by M. Pasteur's experiments with relation to hydrophobia have sent in a report confirmatory in every respect of his statements. There now remains no doubt of the fact that dogs may, by inoculation, be rendered proof against a terrible disease, and one which is the more terrible because it can be transmitted to human beings. The Committee intend making further experiments with a view to find out how long a protected animal can be considered safe, and whether, as in the case of vaccination, the attenuated virus must be administered more than once to confer immunity from contagion. They will also endeavour to discover whether a dog can be protected by inoculation after having been bitten by a rabid animal.

Some experiments of M. Pasteur in another direction are also of extreme interest. The ravages of the *phylloxera* in the French vineyards have naturally led to a vast increase in the importation into that country of foreign wines, chiefly Italian and Spanish. But as those wines contain a large proportion of sugar, they were found to be subject to a second fermentation, which could only be stopped by the addition of salicylic acid. The practice of adding this drug became so common, and was so injurious to invalids suffering from certain common complaints, that the Legislature made it a penal offence to tamper with the wines in that manner. M. Pasteur has now shown that the microbes which cause fermentation in wine can be destroyed by very simple means. It is merely necessary to heat the wine, taking the precaution that no air gets to it during the process, to a temperature of about 140 degrees Fahrenheit, so that a doubtful bottle of wine, placed in a saucepan of cold water, and raised to that temperature, is rendered safe. This useful discovery has led to the invention of more than one ingenious machine by which large quantities of wine can be treated at very small expense.

After many futile attempts to steer balloons, the news comes from France—the birthplace of that unwieldy toy—that the problem has been solved. A balloon of elliptical form, carrying a rudder and a propeller worked by electricity, rose to a height of nearly 200 feet, travelled in a predetermined direction for a distance of seven miles, turned round, and once more came back to the place where it started from. The experiment has caused much excitement across the Channel, and the date of it is noted as "being ever memorable in the annals of discovery." But we must remember that the event took place in very calm weather. The aerostat has yet to be invented which will urge its way against a wind.

Every now and then the question is raised by well-meaning persons whether our method of carrying out the death penalty is the most humane which could be adopted. A similar discussion lately arose concerning the guillotine in France. Some persons propose that both systems could be advantageously replaced by poison; others are in favour of an electric shock as being the most painless death which could be administered. So long as capital punishment

is considered necessary, by all means let it be carried out in a humane manner; but would it not be robbed of half its horrors if it were understood to be painless? The lash would lose its terrors if criminals were chloroformed before being flogged.

Those who complain of the excessive heat recently experienced may be consoled, if consolation it is, by remembering that it might be, and has been, much worse in previous years. The *Lancet*, quoting from an Italian *savant*, gives a very interesting account of the hot years of history, commencing with the year 627 A.D., when in France, Germany, and Italy the water supply entirely evaporated. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries there were years of drought in which the largest European rivers shrunk into rivulets. In 1615, 1625, and again in 1705, the temperature rose to such a height that meat could be roasted in the sun. In 1713 no rain fell for six months, but whether this was general throughout Europe, or was only peculiar to one country, is not stated. Coming to later times we find that in 1793 nearly all vegetation was shrivelled up by the sun, furniture cracked and split, and meat became putrid almost as soon as it was killed. In 1832 there was a memorable hot summer in France, for it was coincident with a cholera epidemic which numbered 20,000 victims.

The system of working cranes, lifts, and other machinery by hydraulic power, which has of late years been so common in docks and railway stations, has lately been developed in the metropolis to an extent of which few persons are aware. Two years ago the London Hydraulic Power Company obtained Parliamentary sanction to a scheme for extending to warehouses and buildings generally the advantages so long possessed by the various docks. And now a network of hydraulic mains is laid beneath the streets of the city, so that any one who requires it may be supplied with water under pressure with the same facilities as he can get gas. On the Surrey side of the river, near Blackfriars Bridge, is situated the chief pumping station. Here the Company have permission to take from the Thames a million of gallons of water every day. At present they use far less than this amount, which, after being filtered, is stored in accumulators under immense pressure. The advantages of the system are obvious, not the least of which are the banishment of the steam engine from the crowded thoroughfares of the City, and the possibility in case of fire of throwing a powerful jet of water direct from the hydraulic mains high enough to reach the topmost roofs.

A new telescopic fire escape and scaling ladder was recently tried at the wagon works of Messrs. Bayley and Co. of Newington Causeway. It is so constructed that it can be run up to a length of 80 or even 100 feet in the narrowest thoroughfare, where the ordinary fire-escape could not be raised at all. Beyond its use as a life-saver the ladder is intended to be employed for the purpose of enabling firemen to carry hose to a much higher elevation than is possible under ordinary circumstances. The machine has been favourably received by the Metropolitan Board of Works, and is likely to be extensively adopted.

Already, while the Health Exhibition is in the full tide of its prosperity, arrangements have been completed for another great show next year. The coming exhibition is to consist of inventions which have been brought forward since 1862, and musical instruments and appliances which have been in use since the beginning of this century. All applications for space, for which no charge will be made, must be sent in before the 1st of October next. Exhibitors will be supplied with motive power to work models or machinery free of cost, but they will be required to pay for any gas or water which they may use.

A cable belonging to the West Coast of America Telegraph Company having recently ceased to transmit signals, a repairing steamer was sent to pick it up with a view to make good the faulty place. After having pulled in twenty-one knots of cable an immense whale was found entangled in it. In its struggles to get free the cable had cut into the body of the animal and killed it, but not before the cable had been crushed in six different places sufficiently to stop all communication. In other respects it appeared to be in a perfect state of preservation.

T. C. H.

INDIAN GOVERNMENTS ON THE HILLS

THE public agitation in India about Government on the Hills suggests reflections on the contrast between Indian Governments as they used to be, and Indian Governments as they are now. That any one can wish for a return to the times of pomposity, punkahs, and perspiration is strange enough; but the Indian people are only just beginning to enjoy the power of public meeting, and Government on the Hills is just as good a thing to speechify about as anything else. Nevertheless, the distinction between the old system of low country administration, and the modern one of administration from cool breezy heights, is the difference between Government Indianised and Government Anglicised,—between a Government of languor and a Government of vigour. The agitators, indeed, pretend that by living on the Hills the Governments lose "touch" of the people; but this is to suppose that Governors-General on the Plains used to go about among the natives, conversing freely with them, and accessible to all their complaints, which, in fact, was never the case, proceedings of that kind being quite contrary to the spirit of government as it used to be down on the Plains. When Governors-General lived altogether in Calcutta, they more or less fell into Rajahs' and Begums' ways. They were surrounded by natives and native "customs," and it was the ever-anxious thought of their *entourage* to make them as grand, and consequently as inaccessible, as possible. The Marquis of Hastings, when Viceroy, would never sit down to dinner without a preliminary flourish of trumpets, and Lord Ellenborough was served like a King, or rather like a Maharajah. The Viceroy's *musnud* was hedged round with etiquette and ceremony, and he could never stir out of his house without great pomp of equipage and a cavalry escort of his own bodyguard. The members of Calcutta Society vied with one another in speaking of the Governor-General, and making him appear as the Grand Lama of Chowringhee, and if they could only have induced His Excellency to sit cross legged on a *musnud*, with a hookah in his mouth, after the manners and customs of Indian Kings in general, they would certainly have done so, so Indianised was Anglo-Indian Society in those days. The Viceroy himself was a haggard potentate, sallow and *ennuyé*, like his Hindostanee prototype, Akbar or Arungzebe, as well he might be—working all the year round on the steaming banks of the Hooghly, and oppressed with more than statesmanship, with the tedious ceremonial of *durbars* and *burra khans*. Nowadays if one should meet at Simla a healthy, fresh-coloured English gentleman taking a walk alone, and with his eyes perhaps bent on the ground, one may make no bad guess in supposing that it is the Viceroy of India legislating on some important despatch and doing his "constitutional" together. On the Plains in the old days Indian Governors, or those about them, made a great show of work and a prodigious ostentation, but the work was largely tempered with tiffins, and the workers' livers were congested—like their office boxes. On the Hills there is little ostentation and no pretence, but real work is done by men who have the *mens sana in corpore sano*. The late Mr. Adam, Governor of Madras, just before his lamented death, gave an account in a private letter—afterwards published—of his work in Ootacamund, which occupied him the entire day from early morning until late evening, so that he could but rarely get an hour's gallop with the local hounds. No man, unless indeed he was that happy individual mentioned by Sydney Smith, who

could take off his flesh and sit in his bones, could do such work continuously as that at either Calcutta, Madras, or Bombay. He would fall ill under the strain and heat together, and his work would exhibit a peevishness and irritability as the natural consequences of the situation. The evidences of the humanising influences of the climate are seen in society on the Hills. Anglo-Indian society, as it used to be in Calcutta, was a proverb and a reproach. The absurd and yet engrossing struggles for precedence which evinced so much vulgarity and bile; the evil-talking, intriguing, and general "cussedness" that used to go on in the City of Palaces spoke volumes in condemnation of the climate. On the Hills the tone of Society is the same as in England, neither better or worse, and there can be little doubt that the superiority is due to the cheerful and wholesome influence of climate.

It is urged that the expenses of moving Government establishments are very great, but in point of fact they are quite fractional in comparison with the cost of tours made by the old Viceroys in high State. Lord Dalhousie's progresses were rather the marches of armies than the tours of a Pro-Consul, and it was no wonder that the people used to flee at his approach for fear of being literally devoured up by his lordship's innumerable camp followers. The cost of the modern Viceroy's saloon carriage, even if attached to a "special," is a mere bagatelle in comparison with the Noah's Ark menagerie of quadrupeds and bipeds the old Governors-General used to drag about the country with them, along with silver-poled Cashmere-shawl tents, and what not. So far as cheapness goes, Government on the Hills must be more economical than Government on the Plains; but whether it is so showy, and to the Oriental mind so impressive, is another question.

The fact is that the present system of Administration is better suited to the age of railroads and telegraphs in which we live than the old one. Government has become more practical and English with the rapid communication of the period, which enables the Viceroy of India to converse with the Home Government, or with any of the Governors under him, just as if they were in the next room. The elephant and the camel and all the gorgeous trappings of Oriental state are manifestly out of date when seen alongside the railroad and the telegraph wire. So are the Indian institutions we associate with them—the tedious *durbars*, the lotus-eating life, the needless hurry, and the enjoyment of nautches and a condition of *kief*. Barbaric pearl and gold has to give place to the uncompromising coal and iron of the age, and even the Indian Princes themselves have cut short their display, and prefer railway carriages to elephants canopied with cloth of gold. That the great bulk of the Indian people cannot as yet clearly comprehend the value of practical common-sense government is likely enough; but they must learn to know and to appreciate it. The lesson would only be postponed by returning to Lord Hastings' pomp of Pro-Consulship down on the Plains. And a pretty thing it would be for us and for the Indian people if, while the Russians were knocking at our gates, the Viceroy was fooling around on an elephant, and throwing out bags of rupees to an expectant populace after the most approved fashion of aboriginal potentates. The expense of the annual migration of the Supreme Government to the Hills is set down as about 50,000*l.*, but one of the old Viceroyal tours, in which a small army accompanied the Governor-General, would cost much more than that, and with very doubtful advantage to the people. But of all the grave political mistakes that were ever committed in India the worst would be to let the governed imagine they could govern their rulers. Yet native agitation on every conceivable and inconceivable subject is pointing in that direction. The tactics of the Irish party are visibly being introduced to India, and the half-educated youth of the country are manifestly imbued with the notion that by making a grievance of one thing or another they may get something else. They are as yet utterly incapable of managing their own affairs, but they are working towards the time when they hope to be permitted to do so. A general *bouleversement* of everything English is Young Bengal's idea of a general redistribution of loaves and fishes, and so any opportunity of finding fault with the existent state of things is eagerly snatched at, and none more eagerly than the sensational grievance of Governments on the Hills.

F. E. W.



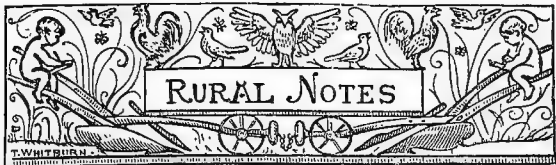
THERE SEEMS TO BE need in Russia of a Mr. Plimsoll, and of legislation on the lines of Mr. Chamberlain's Merchant Shipping Bill. In the Lord Mayor's Court has been brought to light a disgraceful attempt at fraud by a merchant at Libau, which appears to have been made with the view, in the first instance, of defrauding the Marine Insurance Companies. A cargo, said to be of linseed oil and feathers, and to be worth 4,700*l.*, ordered by a London importer, turned out on arrival to consist of rubbish worth only 80*l.*, the obvious inference being that the vessel was intended to be lost at sea, so that a claim for the nominal value of the cargo should be made on the underwriters. The plaintiff had succeeded in procuring from the defendant's principal, the Libau merchant, a portion of the money which he had lost by the transaction, and the jury, in accordance with a direction from the judge, gave him the amount which he claimed. When in Russia, where he had gone to urge his claim in person, he was induced to accept a compromise by a threat from the defendant's principal, who said to him, "There's no law in Russia, so you can't touch me here. If you don't sign, I will pack up my things, and you will not get a farthing."

IT WOULD BE UNFORTUNATE if legal technicalities were allowed to interfere with any encouragement given by local sanitary authorities to owners of cottage property for the supply of water to their tenants. A brick manufacturing company owning all the cottages in the parish of Murston, near Sittingbourne, arranged with the sanitary authority of the district to supply their tenants with water at an abatement of 25 per cent. from the usual scale of charges. The auditor of the Local Government Board wished to make the members of the Sanitary Board liable for the 30*l.* or 40*l.* thus abated, on the ground that an order of the Board had definitively fixed the scale of charges for the water supply of Murston parish. It is satisfactory to find that the Local Government Board have decided against the view taken by their subordinate, and their decision will doubtless encourage the adoption of similar arrangements in other parishes.

THERE SEEMS TO BE A CONFLICT OF OPINION among police magistrates as to the legal right of water companies to cut off the supply of water to those of their customers who dispute their charges. In a case at Worship Street, the applicant's water supply had been actually cut off, and one of the magistrates was of opinion that the company had thus rendered themselves liable for a penalty. His colleague, however, thought that the company could not be prosecuted in that Court for cutting off the supply, but granted a summons for the settlement of the disputed rate, as, under the company's special Act, a dispute between them and a consumer could be settled by a magistrate. But the applicant is meanwhile left waterless, and how would it have been if the company's Act had contained no provision for a magistrate's settlement of disputes? In another case at the Marylebone Police Court, the applicant, while disputing the company's charge, offered

to pay under protest, but the company, declining this compromise, threatened to cut off the supply. Here the magistrate expressed his readiness to grant a summons against the company, saying that this system of "Your money or your life" was "abominable."

THE DISCLOSURES made in some of the actions brought by Mrs. Weldon have directed attention to the necessity for amending those provisions of the Lunacy Laws which allow persons who may be perfectly sane to be sent to lunatic asylums. A trial which has just taken place in Scotland may lead to an inquiry whether there exist sufficient safeguards against the maltreatment of lunatics under confinement in asylums. At Dumfries an asylum keeper having been charged with kicking an escaped lunatic to death, the jury returned a verdict of Not Proven. This verdict, which is peculiar to Scotland, means that though the evidence was not sufficiently strong to lead to a verdict of Guilty, some suspicion attaches to the accused. Still more significant, another keeper, implicated in the alleged assault, had committed suicide, in order, it is said, to avoid a trial. If the kicking had stopped short of the death of the lunatic, would it have been punished?



THE HARVEST IN ENGLAND is more than on the high road to completion. South of the Trent and east of the Severn it is already virtually completed, while between South Yorkshire and the Scottish Border probably half the wheat, barley, and oats are already down. Even in late Scotland, rainy Ireland, and backward Wales, the ingathering of cereals is well begun, and the latest harvest homes should take place well before the autumnal equinox. This will be a great gain to the growers of oats, who are accustomed every year to be overtaken by the autumn rains and storms. The wheat crop throughout the United Kingdom is reckoned to exceed an average by about two bushels to the acre, but authorities differ as to how many bushels form a normal average. Barley is a splendid crop on the heavy soils, but a poor yield on the light lands of the Eastern and South-eastern Counties.

TWO ESTIMATES recently published call for special comment by reason of their representative character. The one is that of the *Farmer*, collected from 451 agriculturists; about ten to each county. The return which is based upon these reports puts the yield at 30.1 bushels, or 10,040,134 quarters of wheat on 2,676,477 acres. The Eastern counties show a wheat yield 3 per cent. over a twenty years' average, the South-East and Midland 7 per cent. over, the West and South-West 5 per cent. over, the North and North-West 6 per cent. over, and Great Britain as a whole about 6 per cent. over. The other estimate is that of the *Mark Lane Express*, which has got in reports from 463 correspondents. Of these 55 per cent. put the wheat crop at "over average," 30 per cent. at "average," and 15 at "under average." The wheat crop, according to this report, shows up better than in any year since 1874, when out of 432 returns 328 were "over average," 81 "average," and 23 "under average."

THE CEREAL CROPS of Great Britain are yielding so well that

much disappointment is felt on discovering that the area upon which they have been grown is unusually small. The sowing season makes a great difference to farmers. A variation of five per cent. in the area is by no means too much to attribute to this cause. In the autumn of 1882 wheat sowings were very difficult owing to the wet weather, and the area under wheat in 1883 showed a decline from 3,003,960 to 2,613,162 acres, or close upon eleven per cent. It was impossible to say how much of this decline was due to the sowing season; but we were always unable to believe those who said all was to be so attributed. The autumn of 1883 soon supplied a test. The weather became as favourable as in the previous season it had been the reverse. Many persons believed the wheat area would go up again to three million acres, while five per cent. recovery was almost universally reckoned upon. The Government returns, however, show only two per cent. recovery; 2,676,477 acres in lieu of 2,613,162. The significance of this fact is made the more prominent by the absolute decrease in barley and oats; in barley from 2,291,991 to 2,159,485 acres, and in oats from 2,975,381 to 2,892,576 acres. The increase on wheat is only 63,315 acres; but the decrease on oats, 82,805 acres, materially exceeds it, and even writing off the one against the other, we are left with 132,506 acres to the bad in the diminished area under barley. The profound discouragement and depression of arable farming needs no emphasising while the Government returns of cereal acreage are fresh in the minds of statesmen and statisticians.

IRISH AGRICULTURAL STATISTICS for 1884 are just out, and prove very discouraging. The total extent of land under all crops is only 4,872,969 acres, and 63,732 acres have gone out of cultivation since last year. As an acre of land should grow enough wheat to feed four persons for a year, this means the abandonment of the means of supplying a quarter of a million of people with annual bread. Pasture has gained a little, arable lost severely. The extent of land under tillage has fallen from 3,004,917 to 2,910,239 acres, the decline being largest in what was once the most prosperous part of Ireland, viz., Ulster. Of wheat land, 25,732 acres have been abandoned, of oat land 31,509 acres, and of barley land 16,294 acres. Flax, which used to be a great crop in Ulster, is going steadily out of growth. This year shows a decline from 95,943 to 89,197 acres, or nearly 7 per cent. At this rate flax cultivation in Ireland will be extinct before the end of the century.

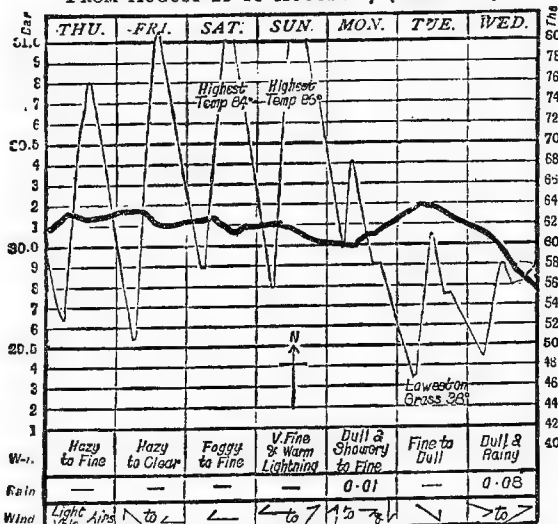
THE WEY.—There are few prettier or more picturesque little rivers than the Surrey Wey, which, rising somewhere above Guildford, winds placidly northward to the Thames, at Weybridge, through some of the most pleasant and characteristically homelike of British scenery. It is frequented by the quietest of boatmen, and by a venerable order of habitual anglers on whom has now come much tribulation. The river for days past has been of the colour of black ink, with a white froth floating on the surface. The fish have been poisoned in thousands, and their smell, as they floated along during the late hot weather, was so sickening as to drive not only boating men off the river, but persons from the banks of the stream. This pollution of the Wey is due to the refuse from manufactories on the banks having been allowed to enter the river. This is against statute, and can be punished; but "what is everybody's business is nobody's," and meanwhile the mischief has been done.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.—The recent stock sheep and store cattle sales have been remarkable for the fact that while pedigree animals have increased in price over the averages of several past

years, plain store animals have fallen decidedly in value.—A dragon fly was caught last week on London Bridge.—Last week's grain imports into the United Kingdom included 400,000 qrs. of wheat and 100,000 sacks of flour, and were among the largest ever known.—There was a large show of horses at Chester Fair on Wednesday.—Entries for the great London Dairy Show in October close on the 8th of September. Mr. F. Morrison, of 191, Fleet Street, will supply needed information to intending exhibitors.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

FROM AUGUST 21 TO AUGUST 27 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—During the greater part of the week fine warm weather has prevailed over the whole of England, the thermometer on Sunday last (24th inst.) rising to 90° at Bawtry (Nottinghamshire), 87° at Hillington (Norfolk), 86° at Cambridge and in London, and to 85° at several of the inland stations. On Monday (25th inst.), however, a very sudden change occurred. An anti-cyclone, which first appeared off our westerly coasts on Sunday (24th inst.), became more clearly defined, and spread eastwards over our islands. The wind shifted to north-west and north, temperature fell rapidly, and the sky became overcast, with some rain at the English stations. During the ensuing night the thermometer fell to 42° in the shade at several inland stations, and it was seen from the diagram that on Tuesday (26th inst.) and Wednesday (27th inst.) the maximum in London was only 61° and 59° respectively. On Wednesday (27th inst.) a shallow depression was advancing towards Scotland from the westward, and this, as it passed to the eastward or south-eastward, caused heavy cold showers on Thursday forenoon (28th inst.). In Ireland there was a slight increase in temperature, but over England the thermometer was very low for the time of year. The barometer was highest (30.22 inches) on Thursday (21st inst.); lowest (29.78 inches) on Wednesday (27th inst.); range, 0.44 inches. Temperature was highest (86°) on Sunday (24th inst.); lowest (47°) on Tuesday (26th inst.); range, 39°. Rain fell on two days. Total amount, on Tuesday (26th inst.), 0.08 inches; on Wednesday (27th inst.), 0.09 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.08 inches on Wednesday (27th inst.).

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10 6	1 13 0	10 6	1 13 0
10 6	3 3 0	10 6	3 3 0
15 6	4 13 0	15 6	4 13 0
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15 6	1 13 0	15 6	1 13 0
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PART II.

BY THE RIGHT REV. J. HANNINGTON, LORD BISHOP OF EQUATORIAL AFRICA

MY DEAR NEPHEWS AND NIECES.—My last letter gave you a brief outline of the three months' journey I took from the coast to the country of the Wanyamwezi, and there I was obliged to say farewell. You will remember that I told you that we had to traverse five well-defined regions, the physical features of which vary very much the one from the other.



Trophies of War

Four of these I have already described, so now I am going to tell you a little about the fifth, namely, the Lake District, which nurses in its bosom the mighty Victoria Nyanza, that vast expanse of water which I believe is next to, if not, the largest lake in existence. However, up to the present time we have had no very accurate survey of its dimensions, so that we may have to alter our opinions a little.

As to the district, it is, as might be imagined, far more remarkable than either of the other four. The plateau of the country of Unyamwezi gradually slopes away to the basin of the lake, and gradually, too, becomes more and more fertile until you find yourself in a land literally flowing with milk and honey, and teeming with all manner of life. With regard to the people, it is difficult to give any detailed account of the inhabitants of its shores, because they are divided into so many tribes.

The Wasukuma, a branch of the great Wanyamwezi family, inhabit the south-east coasts. They are in many respects like the People of the Moon, but from situation rather more pastoral. Of the north-east shores very little is at present known. We are waiting with burning impatience the report of Mr. Thompson. On the north-west and south-west banks the original tribes may possibly be closely allied to the Wanyamwezi, but are now ruled by chiefs and nobles of the Wahuma races, who are of Abyssinian descent. Clothing at the south end of the Nyanza is very lightly esteemed by men and unmarried girls. The national costume consists almost entirely of skins, many of which are very badly tanned and intensely greasy, and smell most horribly. We were compelled at times to be ungallant enough to have the ladies driven from the vicinity of our tents, their robes being more ample in dimension than the men's, and consequently more effluvious. The villages are frequently situated on the brow of a hill, and the beehive-shaped huts oftentimes nestle amongst picturesque groups of rocks and shady trees, and are surrounded by euphorbia hedges and stout fences. It is customary to ornament these fences with the skulls of enemies slain in war, though sometimes, as in the first illustration, a more lofty spot is chosen in the shape of a neighbouring tree. Such trophies announce to the visitor who happens to be passing by that a warlike chief lives within, and if he does not look out his head may be seen ornamenting a spare bough.

After the deplorable massacre of Lieutenant Smith, R.N., and Mr. O'Neil, on the Island of Ukerewe, their heads were found by my fellow traveller, S—, thus put up over the gate of the town, and were bought by him and buried in the grave of Dr. J. Smith, at Kageye.

One day in passing through a country where they were at war with some neighbours, I almost stepped upon two dead bodies, one of which was headless, and was doubtless that of a chief, whose head had been taken to ornament the gate of the village. When shortly after I arrived there I found the greatest excitement prevailing; the drums were being beaten furiously, and an aged warrior was addressing a ferocious-looking band of younger men, and, to make himself look the more savage, he had taken a piece of brain, which I strongly suspect had been extracted from the head of the murdered man, and had tied it on to his hair, and there it was hanging down over his eyes while he spoke. A more disgusting picture of degraded savagery I never beheld, and I think, somewhat fortunately for me, I could not fully understand the address that he was delivering to the murderous-looking gang around him.

This region, the leading features of which I have been attempting to describe, we entered when we arrived on the 8th of November, 1882, at Kwa Sonda, the last village under Mirambo's jurisdiction, and the long-promised spot where we were to behold the waters of the mighty Nyanza. The first impression was one of utter disappointment; we expected to see a grand expanse of water and luxuriant foliage, instead of which there was a sandy plain, and in the middle of it, for these parts, a singularly unpicturesque village. Nor could we gather from the natives our exact position and whereabouts. Some cried one thing and one another. The greater part seemed never to have travelled northwards on account of hostile tribes, and, therefore, to know nothing about the countries beyond them more than that Romwa, Sultan of Uzinga, lived to the north and had canoes, that the Sultan of Urima reigned over the country to the north-west, and further that their people were very savage, and often at war with their neighbours. It was very puzzling to the know how to proceed, the more so as our long journey from the coast had considerably reduced our stores. We really had not the

means to explore right and left, as we should gladly have done. We therefore determined to remain where we were until joined by a small caravan that was following us.

In the mean time, dear children, I must relate one or two of my expeditions with a gun, for although I never went out on what you might call a hunting excursion, yet I frequently spent an hour or two searching for food, and some of my adventures were slightly stirring. For instance, one day I had had a very worrying time with the natives, and they can be worrying if they try. At length I said to a boy, "I shall get out of this. I will go for a walk; give me my butterfly net, and you carry the gun for safety's sake." As usual, near the lake, I had not gone far before I sighted game, a fine Blue Bok was grazing a short distance from us, but I said, "No, I do not feel up to the exertion of stalking it," so turned away. Presently, while hunting for insects in short mimosa tangle up to the knee, I disturbed a strange-looking animal, about the size of a sheep—brownish colour, long tail, short legs, feline in aspect and movement, but quite strange to me. I took my gun and shot it dead, yes, quite dead. Away tore my boy as fast as his legs would carry him, terrified beyond measure at what I had done! What, indeed? you may well ask. I had killed the cub of a lioness. Terror was written on every line and feature of the lad, and dank beads of perspiration stood on his face. I saw it as he passed me in his flight, and his fear for the moment communicated itself to me. I turned to flee, and had gone a few paces when I heard a savage growl, and a tremendous lioness—I say advisedly a tremendous one—bounded straight for me.

In spite of the loaded gun in my hand, it seemed to me that I was lost. The boy knew more about lions than I did, and his fear knew no bounds. I began to realise that I was in a dangerous situation, for a lioness robbed of her whelp is not the most gentle creature to deal with. I retreated hastily. No, I will not with it, children, in plain language. I ran five or six steps, every step she gained on me, and the growls grew fiercer and louder. Do I say she gained?—they gained, for the lion was close behind her, and both were making straight for me. They will pause at the dead cub? No! They take no notice of it, they come at me. What is to be done? It now struck me that retreat was altogether wrong. Like a cat with a mouse, it induced them to follow. Escape in this manner was impossible. I halted, and just at that moment came a parting yell from my boy, "Hakuna! Kimbia!" I thought he had seen and heard the lion and lioness, and that speaking as he does bad Kiswahili, he had said "Hakuna Kimbia," which might be roughly, though wrongly, translated, "Don't run away," instead of which he meant to say, in fact did say, "No! Run away." I have no hesitation in saying that a stop wrongly read, but rightly made, saved my life. I had, in the second or two that had elapsed, determined to face it out, and now, strengthened as I thought by his advice, I made a full stop, and turned sharply on them. This new policy on my part caused them to check instantly. They now stood lashing their tails and growling, and displaying unfeigned wrath but a few paces from me.

I then had time to inspect them. They were a right royal pair of the pale sandy variety, a species which is noted for its fierceness, the knowledge of which by no means made my situation more pleasant. There we stood, children, both parties feeling that there was no direct solution to the matter in hand. I cannot tell you exactly what passed through their minds, but they evidently thought that it was unsafe to advance upon this strange and new being, the like of which they had never seen before. I cannot tell you, either, how long a time we stood face to face. Minutes seemed hours, and perhaps the minutes were only seconds, but this I know, my boy was out of hearing when the drama was concluded. And this is how it ended:—After an interval I decided not to fire at

them, but to try instead what a little noise would do. So I suddenly threw up my arms in the air, set up a yell, and danced and shouted like a madman. Do you know, children, the lions were so astonished to see your sober old uncle acting in such a strange way that they both bounded into the bushes as if they had been shot, and I saw them no more! As the coast was now clear I thought I might as well secure my prize, a real little beauty. So I seized it by its hind leg and dragged it as quickly as I could along the ground, the bushes quite keeping it out of sight. When I had gone what I deemed a sufficient distance I took it up and swung it over my back, and beat a hasty retreat, keeping a sharp eye open in case the parents should lay claim to the body, for I should not have been dishonest enough not to let them have it had they really come to ask for it. I soon found the cub was heavier than I bargained for, being about the size of a South Down sheep, so I shouted for my boy. It was a long time, however, before I could make him hear. I began to be afraid I must abandon my spoil. At length I saw him in the far distance. Fortunately for me he did not know his way back to the camp, otherwise his intention was to return to the camp, and ask the men to come and look for my remains. The arrival of the cub caused a tremendous sensation amongst the natives; dozens of men came to see it, nor would they believe until they had seen the skin that I had dared to kill a "child of the lioness," it being more dangerous than killing a lion itself. I do not think that I was wise in shooting; but the fact was it was done, and I was in the scrape before I knew where I was, and having got into trouble, of course the question then was how best to get out of it.

A few days after my adventure with the lions I again took my butterfly net and boy, and consented gladly to the suggestion of W—to accompany me for a walk. We had not gone far when we came to a beautiful flowering shrub, covered with insects, and here I should have probably remained for the rest of the morning, had I not been disturbed by an excited summons from the others to come in pursuit of a rhinoceros that they had just sighted. "Well," I replied, "rhino or no rhino, I have just sighted a new species of butterfly, and I cannot leave this spot until I have secured it."

Could anybody be so ignorant of my character as to think that I would give up the opportunity of capturing a new butterfly for a chance shot at a rhinoceros?—Preposterous! Well, there I remained until I had caught, killed, and boxed my fly; and then, with no slight feeling of exhilaration, I seized my gun and proceeded in the direction pointed out to me by my companions.

W—had never been face to face with big game before, and was in a great state of excitement, trembling with hope and fear combined. We marched on in single file under cover of a tree, and although W—thoroughly knows how to use his gun, he was in such a state of high pressure, that I momentarily expected the contents of his barrels to take up their residence in the neighbourhood of my calves.

I took a hasty glance round the bush, and there, sure enough, I saw a magnificent rhino lazily eating some rich herbage, and taking no notice of our approach. Back I darted under cover, and whispered my instructions to my eager companions. There was another bush about twenty yards ahead: they were to crawl close behind me under cover of this, and then I was suddenly to emerge to the right hand, and they to the left, and all deliberately take aim



"I Shouted Like a Mad Man"

and fire; and if this produced a savage charge, there was the bush to serve as cover.

It was an anxious moment. How would my companions conduct themselves? Would they dodge, if necessary? Would they stand firm, if firm it must be? "Now then; are you ready?"—"Yes; quite." "Now for it—"

We emerged with bated breath; and, lo! the rhinoceros had disappeared, and there before us stood, or rather lay, a fallen tree! The looks of disappointed disgust and surprise that clouded our brows require an abler pen than mine to portray. Be it said in excuse that we returned to the spot from whence the mock spectre had first been viewed, and there stood a rhino again, as natural as

bitter cold, and biting mosquitoes, for three full hours. I resolutely answered, "We *must* start." Thereupon he and his crew rushed to the boat and began tearing out the baggage. A fearful scrimmage ensued, during which time I trod in a colony of biting ants, and was wofully punished. Things got in such a pickle that I did not know what was taken and what left, and many packages we could ill



Stalking a Stump

life; and, moreover, my boy, a true son of the forest, had been the first to be taken in.

Towards the end of the year the caravan, for which I mentioned we had to wait, put in an appearance in an utterly dilapidated condition: the barter-goods, which we had been relying on, having been all expended. I therefore determined to remain here no longer, but to send messengers to Romwa, to find out whether he was willing to receive us. The report that these men brought back was encouraging, so on the last day of the year I made a start in company with your cousin, and A—, and a handful of men; but, of all seasons in the year, I was just going to pass by Christmas Day.

Well, dear children, it found us as follows: G— very ill in bed; A— and W— tottering out of fever; and your uncle just about to totter in. We had an early Communion, and thought much of our loved ones at home thinking and praying for us and wishing us true Christmas joy. In spite of our poor plight we felt that we must celebrate the day. So we gave our men a holiday, telling them it was a great day amongst Christians, and that we should further give them a goat. I had a kid killed for our Christmas cheer, and A— undertook the pudding. That pudding had its drawbacks; for when we went to the flour-box the flour was full of beetles and their larvæ, and we could not get them all out; the raisins were fermented; the suet could easily have been compressed into an egg-cup. Then the pudding was underboiled, and yet boiled enough to stick to the bottom of the saucepan, whereby not only was a big hole burnt clean out of the cloth in which it was neatly tied (we were saved the trouble of untying the string), but also its lower vitals had suffered considerably—in fact, were burnt black—and yet a musty, fermented, underdone, burnt plum-pudding was such a treat to African wanderers, that I, for one, ate three slices, and enjoyed it more than ever I remember enjoying a pudding in my life. My only regret was, dear children, that I could not send you a slice; you would have liked it so much.

The first day of the New Year, 1883, found us *en route* for Romwa's land, encamped on the banks of the south arm of the Victoria Nyanza. This was called by one of the earlier travellers "Jordan's Nullah." Here we were fortunate or unfortunate enough to obtain the services of a canoe and canoe-men in the employ of Mtesa. The captain of these men—as degraded a ruffian as ever lived—was called Mzee, which is simply the Kiswahili for "old man," or "elder." I translated this name somewhat freely, and called him "Old Man of the Sea;" for he proved to be more troublesome than the persecutor of Sinbad.

To begin with, he had promised to start on the 2nd January, but began by declaring that we had brought more luggage than he had expected, and he therefore refused to start unless we paid him more than the original agreement. After a deal of haggling we came to terms. He then turned round and said that the canoe leaked, and that he must take the day to mend it. The fact was, he had had an unusually good catch of fish, and wanted to skirmish the country to sell it. Evening came, I saw to the loading of the

spare were left behind—*e.g.*, G— himself left with only the clothes he had on.

At 4 P.M. we got off, a hippo blowing a salute as we started. We had not gone far when a loud explosion startled us, and looking up I saw two legs of my chair flying upwards. My stupid boy had put his gun loaded and full-cocked into the boat, and the jarring fired it off. A new rug was cut in half, the side of the canoe broken, and my poor chair spoilt. Yet how much worse the accident might have been!

Our next escapade was to rob some natives of a goat. And thus it came about. The Old Man of the Sea spied a goat, and rowed after it to shore. I thought they were simply having a chat or friendly barter, for the goat was handed over as quietly as possible, and on we went. It was not until some time after that it came out that it had been forced from its owner. At my expressing horror I was quietly informed that Mtesa's men are accustomed to act in this way.

The scenery soon became very varied and beautiful. Cormorants, darters, belted-kingfishers, and a very small blue variety, with a robin breast, constantly crossed our track. Many crocodiles and hippos floated lazily on the surface, and over the purple hills the sun rose in golden glory. We landed on the Uziza side for lunch. The people had never seen a white man before, and their astonishment was beyond bounds. The canoe men were too wise to misbehave themselves in the face of such numbers, so the visit passed off auspiciously. At sunset we camped for the night. G— had to be lifted from the boat. A— crept out, and at once went to bed. I had the tent pitched; then I discovered there was no fire-wood. After an hour's search I found a little, and finally bought some more and superintended the cooking, for the boys were worn out. Then Mzee came and said I must get the things out of the canoe, for it leaked, and I found most of our goods wet. It was very dark, and the air was thick with mosquitoes—they were like the plums in a rich Christmas pudding.

As I was sitting down to enjoy a well-earned meal, Duta came and called me from the tent, and told me that the men had refused to go on unless I would pay them extra cloth, and from what he overheard he believed that they intended deserting us. I went down to see what could be done, but we could arrive at no agreement. I kept silence, sparing my brethren any anxiety. I slept little that night, fearing the men would desert and steal some of our loads, but daylight found them still there. Three valuable hours were spent in haggling, which resulted in my having to pay yet more cloth, and a start was not made until 11 A.M. We had not paddled far before a storm gathered, and we had to put into port; and only just in time,

for a fearful hurricane burst upon us. "Down rushed the rain terrific," and large waves beat upon the shore, washing up shells and weeds. I should have liked to have slept here, as the day was waning, but no! onward was the word. Three hippos pursued us, and the hippos of the lake are very savage and dangerous, but the men managed to out-distance them. Vast numbers of crocodiles appeared on the surface of the water. I think I saw as many as a dozen in a shoal. I felt no temptation to bathe. The sun then sank into the west, and we were still at sea. I looked at the

pale faces of my invalids, and I looked at the luggage, the tent, my helpless boys, and the savage ruffians in the canoe, and my heart trembled. It was not until 8 o'clock that we arrived at the place where the boatmen intended us to sleep. It was so dark that it was a long time before we could find a break in the reeds through which we could wade ashore, and when we landed we found we were in a place which was so rough and damp that there was no possibility of pitching the tent. We crept on some half-a-mile until we reached

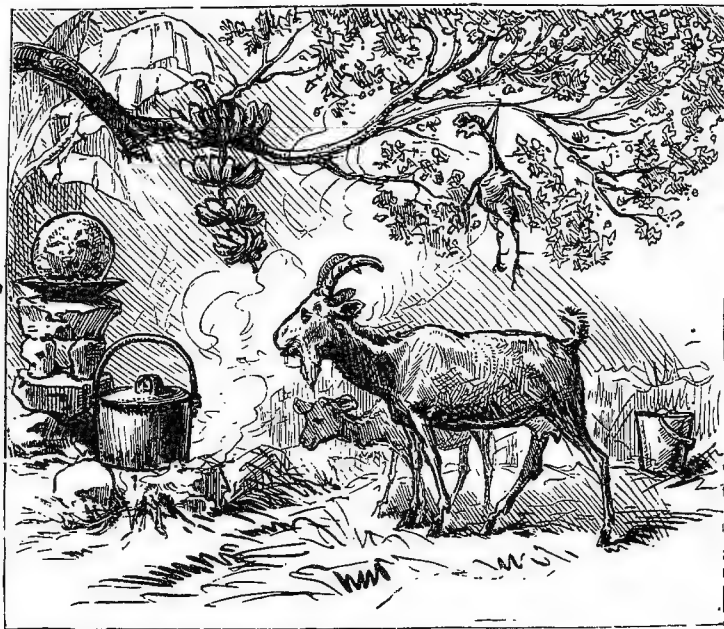
a native hut. Fancy the good man of the house, having retired to rest, being disturbed by a ghost in the shape of the first white man he had ever seen. Fortunately, he was not tempted to try my ethereal qualities with a spear, but most liberally said we might occupy the goat-house. "Impossible!" I ejaculated, with something more than emphasis, as I gazed upon a thatched manure heap ankle-deep in mire. "If you will kindly allow us to sleep within your fence, for fear of leopards, we shall be content." Having agreed to this, I hastened to my companions, and with great difficulty got them over the rough ground, and had their huts put up in the open. The native, beholding our sad plight, generously vacated his hut, but after recent experience I strongly recommended that we should remain in the open until the rain came on. The instant the canoe touched the shore, the men made off, leaving us to do the best we could, while they seized upon all the firewood. Our boys, on any occasion of this kind, always became useless, so that everything fell upon me, and it was some time before I could manage to get a little food ready.

At 2 P.M. it came on to rain, and the invalids took to the hut, but I preferred wrapping myself in my waterproof and facing it. When daylight dawned I found, to my utter despair, that the canoe had sunk during the night, and that almost everything had been drenched. It was hard to think of one's note-books, barometers, botanical specimens, &c., in this condition. But the man who goes to Central Africa must be prepared "to take joyfully the spoiling of his goods," and to bear the reproach of incompetence.

Almost superhuman strength at times, I fully believe, was given me; but even that had its limit. After a sleepless night, and then travelling from 5.30 A.M. till 11 o'clock at night, I was unable to unload that canoe, and so it sank. The Old Man of the Sea and his crew refused to bale it out, so I and the boys set to work in pouring rain, and by 11 o'clock the weather broke, and I got my friends into the canoe and started. Soon clouds began to gather, but evidently only for soft rain.

Mzee now announced that he had made up his mind to take us ashore and leave us—he had had enough of this journey. We certainly had had enough of him to last for many a long day.

"Well," said I, "how far should we then be from Romwa's?"—"Altogether out of the way." "And are there any canoes to be hired there?"—"There are not. And Mzee says he won't go on." "Why we shall die if we are left in this way."—"He says he will not go on." Then I said in a firm, clear voice, "Give me my gun," and I deliberately proceeded to load it, and pointing at Mzee, I



Christmas Cheer

said, "Now, will you go on?"—"Yes, Bwana, yes; don't fire," and round flew the head of the canoe like magic. Once more we speeded o'er the waves; and a few minutes afterwards his own men were imitating my solemn gestures and laughing at me, though confessing that they were very glad I had made them go on; but I had found out a secret—I was henceforth the master, and our lives, it is not too much to say, were saved from danger by one prompt action.

I now grew generous, and promised the men a goat on arrival if they made no more ado. The offer was received with joyous acclamations, and we paddled into shore for lunch in glee, thinking all trouble over. Lunch finished and a start made, they coolly turned on me and said they would only go to the next village, and then leave us. I made no comment, thinking I would get there first. To my great joy when I landed I found that the men whom I had sent overland had hit upon this spot, so now I had a small army of men to help us dry our goods, pitch tent, and get in order. I further discovered that Romwa's capital was only a short distance from us. A runner from thence brought word for us to proceed to a certain spot next morning, and there to wait a canoe from Romwa. "Trouble surely is ended!" we cried; but was it? No. I wish I had space to relate fully all we passed through before we finally reached this part of our journey. After being detained two days, while Romwa made medicine and consulted oracles as to whether the white men would harm him, the Delphian reply was, "The white men are good for you and your people, but injurious to medicine-men." During this day I failed with severe fever, but could not give way to it, for somebody must see the matter through. I only remember suffering more pain, but I buckled myself together, saw the canoe loaded, and made a start.

No sooner had we got fairly off than I perceived there was a terrible leak in the canoe, and that the canoe men were drunken. We landed and repaired the mischief, and the men plied themselves with some "pombè" (native wine), which they had brought with them. The consequence was that, when we started, they were worse than ever, and yelled and screamed till my poor companions felt overcome by the fearful noise. The captain then stood up and executed a war dance on a bale of goods, ending by falling on me. This was more than I could stand, so I gave him a needed warning, and said next time he should have a cold bath. Thereupon he grew wrathful, and ordered the canoe-men to land us on a desert shore. This they refused, fearing Romwa, and, perhaps, my wrath more than the captain's. Then a free fight commenced, which ended in the captain falling overboard. He climbed in, and in a dreadful rage seized a paddle, and, as I thought, aimed a heavy blow at A—, which fortunately just missed, but shattered the paddle completely.

Believe me, ill as I was, I bounded from my seat, seized him, dragged him into his seat, and defied him to move. I was proceeding to arm myself for protection, if necessary, when one of my men took me and gently forced me into my seat, and then proceeded to pat me on the back, and talk in this fashion: "White man, be calm, be calm; gently, gently; don't disturb yourself. We



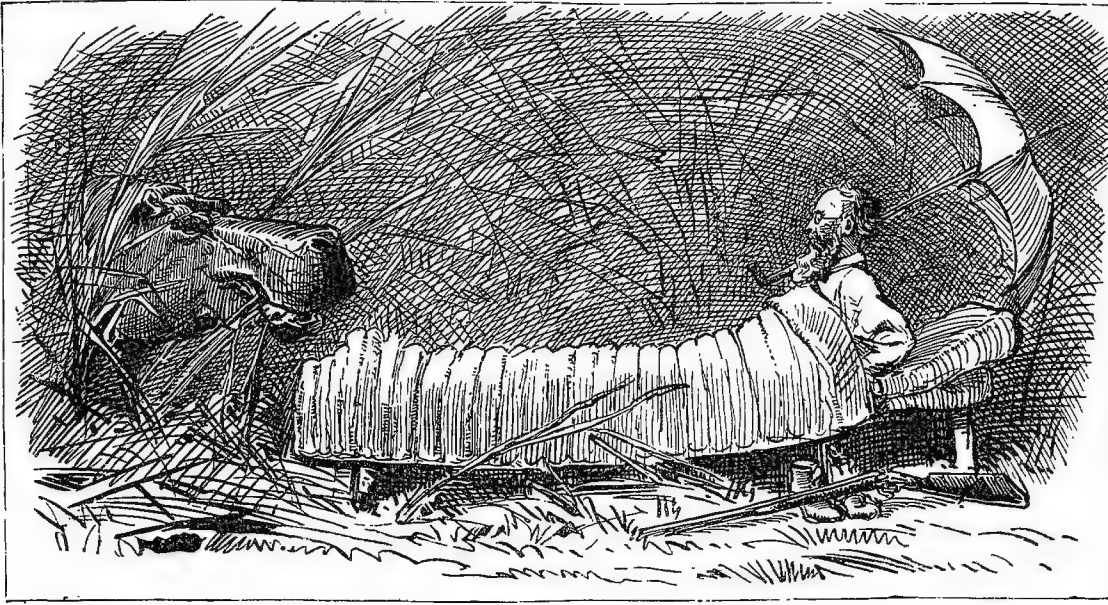
"Will You Go On?"

canoe, and at the same time thrice over cautioned Mzee that I had ten more packages to come.

At 2 A.M. he called me up, and said we must start. Well, unearthly as the hour was, I got up, saw to everything, cooked my brethren some food, had the tent packed and taken down to the boat, when Mzee turned round and said that he had no room for the luggage, and refused to start until daylight. This meant that my poor suffering companions would have to sit about in dewy grass,

will go on; indeed, we will. White man, be calm; quietly, quietly, quietly," and with each word administering a gentle pat, until at last I fairly burst out laughing, and the April shower of wrath fled before the sunshine of mirth.

January 9th saw us settled at Romwa's. It was a lovely spot.



A Night Visitor

We had pitched our tents on a rocky eminence clothed with beautiful foliage, and from whence we gazed out on the broad expanse of that mighty inland sea. Well could we say with the poet-Bishop that

Every prospect pleases, and only man is vile.

Romwa himself, like a good many of us, was not so agreeable as he made himself out, and soon began to try and extract from us the



Crossing a Stream

few remaining goods that we had in our possession. Superstition of the most degraded type was rampant, and every corner of the land full of the habitations of cruelty, and all that one saw forcibly told, in language too plain to be misunderstood, of the great need, yea, and opening, that there is for Christian missionaries to teach these poor degraded savages the ennobling and saving truths of the Gospel.

For some time at Romwa's we seemed to be State prisoners, and could not tell when he would permit us to leave. However, at length he consented to my proceeding, providing the others remained. I accordingly started (January 22nd) with two boys. I had had severe fever the day before, and did not feel up to much fatigue. However, I got up early and went down to the royal hut, and was kept waiting for an hour while I was inspected by the King's wives; then another hour was spent at the water's side, so that it was not until 11 A.M. that a start could be made. Then hindrances arose, and we had to put into shore. Then came a storm, and the canoe sprang a leak, so that by 5 P.M. we had only accomplished an hour's work. Once more we put to sea, and encountered another storm, which drenched all my blankets. At midnight we crept quietly ashore, uncertain whether the natives were friendly or not. I had my wet bed and blankets conveyed a little way from the swamp belt of the lake. The boys and men feared to remain with me thus far from the canoe, so I laid my weary frame to rest under my umbrella, for it was raining. Unmindful of natives or beasts of prey, I fell asleep. Soon a tremendous roar close to me caused me to start in a way that no nightmare has ever accomplished. What could it be, a lion? No; lions are not so noisy. It was only a hippopotamus. He had, no doubt, come up to feed, and stumbled nearly on top of this strange object—a

white man with an umbrella over his head fast asleep. So, bellowing out his surprise, he turned round and ran to the lake.

Before daylight dawned we were off, and soon after reached Kageye. I was welcomed by the Arab chief, Sayed bin Saif, and as I was seated sipping some delicious coffee, a strange white man

stood before me. I sprang to my feet, only to hear, "Bon jour, monsieur," and then I knew that I was in the presence of one of the French Jesuit priests.

I started on January 30, 1883, with my two boys and six men, leaving your cousin in Kageye to wait for my return with the baggage left behind in Msalala. I had to cross Urima, in parts of which they had never seen a white man before. It was a bold undertaking, but I had no fear of being molested by the natives, simply because I could see no reason for their interfering with me. However, when first I set foot in Urima about 200 armed warriors turned out and surrounded me, and I suspect that the least show of resistance, or on the other hand of fear, would have been followed by fatal consequences. They peremptorily ordered me to stop and pitch my tent, and then they surrounded me by a cordon of armed men to see that I made no escape. In the mean time they despatched runners to the Sultan of Urima to tell him that they had captured a white man, and to ask what should they do with him. I was kept in this durance vile for the whole day, but I punished the rough soldiers around me, and myself not a little, by sulking within my closed tent, so that they were unable to inspect either me or my things. Just before sunset an ambassador arrived from the Sultan, demanding a present. I assured him that I had nothing suitable with me, whereupon he replied that he must be assured that I spoke the truth. So accordingly I had to show him all I possessed. At my blanket—you know my blanket, for fifteen years it has been my companion—he paused. "He must have that blanket, Bwana Mkubwa, great master," I cried, "The white man is cold; he wants much clothes. If you take his blanket he will die. When the sun is gone to rest the white man grows chill. Leave him his blanket." The earnestness of my eloquence prevailed, and the next day

he permitted me to depart, providing a messenger accompanied me to receive the promised present. Then arose a question about canoes to cross the nullah, and these at first were denied, but after a great deal of palaver my arguments again prevailed. A council of war on an occasion of this kind was really a grand sight. I would sit on my bed in the tent and have both the doors flung open. Then the ambassador would take the seat of honour, and near me would sit my head man and boys, and near

great white man ("Baba!") has come a long distance ("Baba!"). He has come to see the black man ("Baba!"). He has come to teach the black man ("Baba! Baba! Baba!"). He asks the black man to be kind ("Baba!") (rather feebly), and so on, and if he spoke for an hour no one would move or interrupt or object until he had concluded. Then all eyes would be turned to the ambassador, who in the same solemn way would state his objections. I think you children would have liked seeing and hearing one council, but I doubt if you would have sat through a second, and when it came to two or three times a day you would have kicked over the traces, and the consequence would have been that the ambassador would have sent down a man to say he was busy that day, and would talk again in three days' time. The patience required to deal with savage Africans is almost superhuman. Still, in spite of everything, I arrived once more in Msalala.

I had a long consultation with the other missionaries which ended in my immediately starting for the coast.

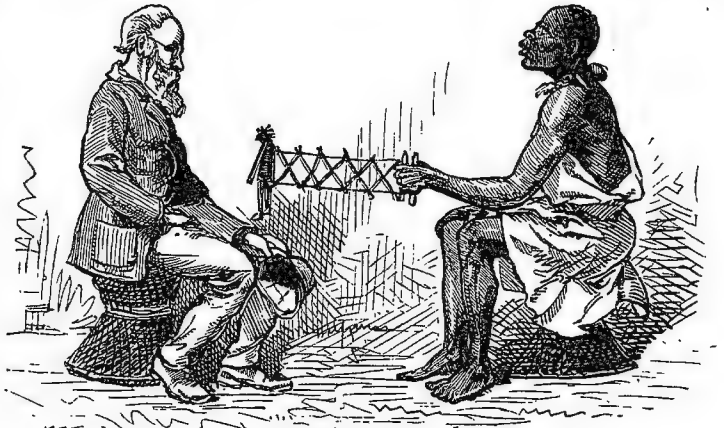
It was a bad time to travel, as the "big rains" were almost upon us, and they make the country very wretched. However, there seemed nothing to be done but to face the worst, and make the best of it. An extract from my diary will show the kind of thing experienced:—

"February 12.—Started at daybreak, and marched through jungle until we reached a plain. There I had at once to plunge into thick grass, higher than my head, and wringing with dew. Under foot was water, in most places up to the ankles. And where it was not water it was filthy black mud. I never had such a walk in my life, and the men with me, who have travelled all their lives, said they never had. So I am hopeful that although much of this kind of thing must be gone through, yet it will not often be quite so terrific.

"There was little to amuse besides a solitary giraffe and some dozen ostriches, the pursuit of which was quite out of question. After the first plain was passed, a second had to be faced, which fortunately was shorter; for it was in a worse condition than the last. When we reached the first village, we found that all the inhabitants had fled, and carried all their goods with them, since war was raging in the district, one poor old blind woman being all that was left behind, and she was just struggling off to a neighbouring town.

"Before reaching camp one of those tropical showers, of which you so often hear, came on. I struggled on and took shelter in a native hut; even here I had to sit with my umbrella up, for it leaked very badly. While the ground was running with water my men, in mistaken kindness, put up the tent; the consequence being that the floor inside was much in the condition of the path I had been travelling, and my bed, on which for hours I had been promising myself a good rest, was too wet to use."

As we marched on we fell in with many rivers and morasses, and the rains became so heavy that I doubted whether I should be able to proceed much further. There was often an immense deal of water on the road, sometimes ankle, sometimes knee-deep, and sometimes I have been carried for the best part of an hour with the water up to the men's chins. In cases of this kind I used to cling round the pole



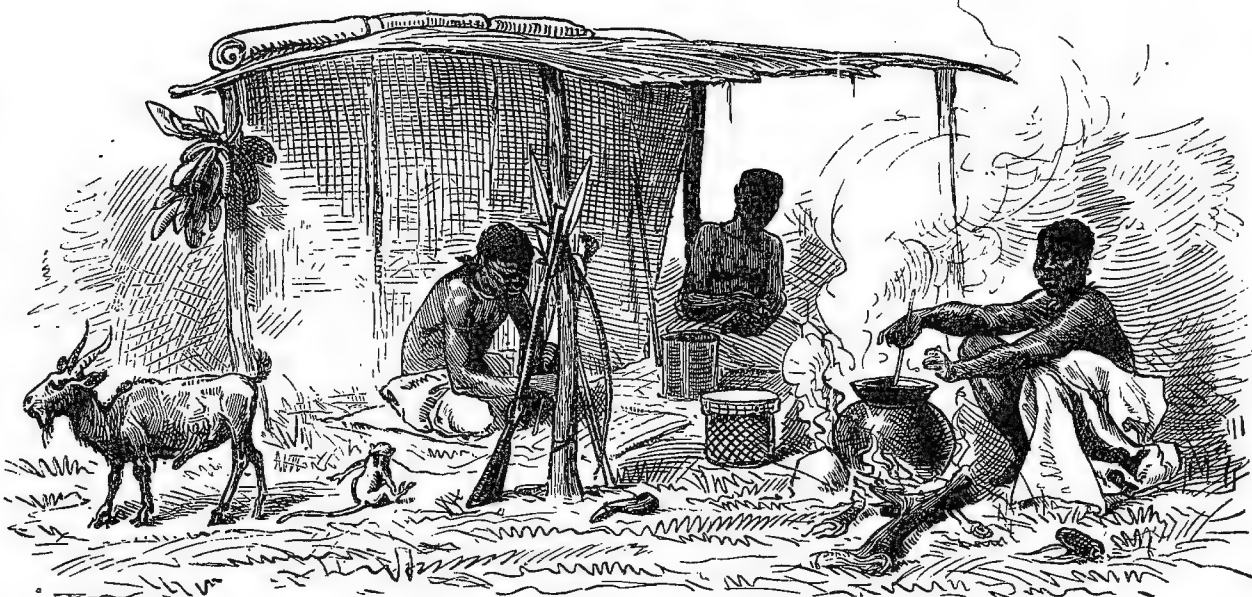
A Medical Examination

of my hammock, and six men would carry me on their heads as if I was a log of wood, but it was by no means comfortable, although far better than getting wet. I have often thought of poor Dr. Livingstone's trials, and realised what he went through, for my own experience very closely resembled his, perhaps more than that of most of the other African travellers. If the picture on the cover of "His Last Journals" is correct my mode of being carried across deep streams is far better than his. If you glance at the illustration,

children, you will see your uncle kneeling on the shoulders of a tall powerful man, and holding the uplifted hands of another in front, while a third behind has grasped him by the feet to steady him. In very swift streams sometimes six or eight men were requisite to keep the three bearers from being swept away, uncle and all.

These rivers and floods used to keep me in suspense, lest in my weak condition I should be plunged headlong into the water; but far worse than the rivers were the morasses. For a mile together have I been borne through the most horrible black mud, often above the knee. This was exceedingly fatiguing for the men and trying to me, and the more so as I knew I was inhaling malarious poison of the worst description. Then, again, coming from the Lake to Urambo, I was at the mercy of men whom I had to hire perhaps for a spell of three days; they would carry me two days, and the third day bolt, and leave me in the lurch. On one occasion, when only fit to be in bed, I had to crawl fifteen miles. And yet again, when scarce able to stand or sit up without being kept on my feet by my boys, I had to drag my weary limbs six miles. My men used to say, "Master must die, but how is it master is so cheerful and happy through it all? Black man would lie down by the side of the road and die like a sheep."

One of the illustrations represents me as being examined by one



Wanyamwezi Travelling Hut

him his chief attendants, while outside and around the doors would crowd breathless listeners. I would then tell my man in Kiswahili what I wanted, and this he would translate in Kirima to the ambassador, only adding volumes to it of his own to put it into proper shape. He would say three or four words only at a time, snapping his fingers between each sentence, and further pausing for the audience to exclaim, "Baba." Here is an example: "The

of Mirambo's medicine men. This man was of vastly superior morality to the majority of his fellows, who I believe, as a rule, are villains of the deepest dye. He was, moreover, very good-natured and confiding, nor did he appear to be possessed with that spirit of hatred which seems ever to have prevailed amongst the priesthood of heathen systems. He did not hesitate to show me and explain his charms and their uses, and at last it ended in his examining me. For this purpose he used a pair of lazy-tongs, with a little figure at the end, over which he either breathed a prayer or else whispered some instructions. When the doll had peered into my chest by an almost imperceptible turn of the wrist it came round and delivered its message to its master. This was repeated twice more, and then the answer was that I had got a cold, which, considering I had been coughing and sneezing ever since I had been in the hut, was easy to guess and hard to deny. When we questioned him about his medicine, and asked him if he thought putting a little bottle in the earth and saying a few words over it could make rain, he replied, "Certainly not! Only God could make rain, but how could we expect him to do so unless we prayed and made the offerings we thought right?" He prayed to God, but he always went away into the forest to do so. We asked if God was only in the forest? No; but it was more retired and quiet. Now, lest any should think that this man's own religion was sufficiently enlightened, and he had no need of our teaching, hear the following tale. His son was dying, so he sent a message to Mirambo to say a certain man in his village had bewitched him. The answer back was, "You know the punishment for witchcraft (*i.e.*, death); apply it." The accused, however, was a desperate character, and nobody dared carry out the sentence, so word was sent to Mirambo, who asked which of his warriors would undertake the job. All shrank back, but one man, whom I knew well, expressed himself willing to do it. The man was asked to meet him at supper: the invitation, however, was refused, so he went to the man's house, and stood at his door until he saw him, and was able to shoot at and wound him. The men round then rushed in and speared him to death.

Some of your painters who run down to Wales and paint Welsh cottage scenes, or to Ireland to sketch Irish cabins and pigstyes, should come out here. They would find charming scenes in native camp-life.

For the really picturesque it must be a Wanyamwezi camp. I was so delighted with some of these taking little pictures that I could not resist making a sketch or two.

I witnessed a rather peculiar Dawa (medicine) ceremony amongst the Wanyamwezi. A man solemnly seated himself while another poured some black ointment into his left hand, and then drew his knife and made small cuts, as if to tattoo, first, the middle of his forehead and each of his forefingers, the top of his head, each arm, each side of his back, his great toes, each side of the neck, the hip, and back of the tongue. After all the incisions had been made, each cut was lightly touched with the medicine, and the man moved away ready to journey to the coast, his life henceforth being a charmed one.

Here is another tale about these same strange people. One day, soon after encamping, I heard a great shout, and started to my feet in time to see a zebra bound through the camp, hotly pursued by a hundred or more men. It was speared a few yards from the tents; and then I perceived that mischief was in the wind. A tremendous quarrel ensued. I pushed my way, closely followed by B—, into the surging crowd, and found myself in about as ugly a position as you could imagine. On the ground was a beautiful zebra; I was at its tail, B— at its head, and on either side a dense crowd of fierce and angry men quarrelling at the top of their voices; a hundred spears were pointing in all directions. B— at last got the public ear, and ordered the animal to be taken to his tent, saying he would divide it there and arbitrate between them. This gave general satisfaction. The skin he gave to me; but as it had over forty spear holes in it, we agreed each to take a piece as a reminiscence. Then came the head men, and said that the body must be carried off and thrown into the Pori, for the Wanyamwezi never eat zebra—it was against their creed; if they did eat it, it would very likely break the camp up. Hearing this, the hungry men sprang on the prey, tore it to bits, and ran off with it; in the *melée* B— getting rather disagreeably splashed. I had asked for a portion to taste; but this new phase put a stop to my expected feast. Perhaps I need scarcely add the camp was not broken up, nor in any way unhinged.

At length, my dear children, through another desperate attack of fever, I had to take altogether to my hammock. It sounds wonderfully luxurious to talk of being transported from place to place in such a manner. Well, all I can say is, let anybody try it, and see if they care to repeat the dose. I think I could write a book on the subject; I have had so much of its excitements, its monotones, and its discomforts.

One illustration is all we can afford to set forth the pleasures of the life. I have drawn myself when upon one occasion the man in front fell down flat, and by some miraculous means was pinned to the ground by the hammock-pole; nor could he move until a companion released him from his strange position. Sometimes the man behind tripped up; in which case I fell on the back of my head. Another time he glided on to his knees in several inches of black mud. And yet again both

ever it did. The three boxes you see are respectively medicine, despatch, and lamp-box. They act as my table, but as they are not very large, if you come to a meal with me, we must put some of the things upon the floor.

"Now, boy, bring in my tea." "Yes, sir; coming." Let us see what we have got. First, two eggs which, with tea spoon, he puts down before us. Now, mind I don't forget to help myself to salt first, because I have only one spoon. Having finished my first egg, the boy comes again. "Kettle boils, sir." "Well, make the cocoa." "Spoon?" Then I wonder which will be best, to let the water or the egg get cold; finally I decide, as I have no bread and butter, to finish the egg, since it will only take a very short time to eat. I then hand over the spoon to be taken to the camp and washed, only hoping that he will not forget to do so. Perhaps you noticed as I eat my egg that I was not burdened with an egg-cup, and that I had to hold it in my handkerchief; but I did not like its running over the side, for run over the side it would, because African eggs are only the size of bantams' eggs, and our spoon, not being a silver one, has had rather an extravagant expenditure of metal laid out upon it.

Eggs finished, I proceed to rice-porridge—my standing dish. I may speak of myself having lived upon

it for three months. The spoon having again been cleaned, I forget that I am going to be extravagant, and have jam, and so plunge it into the rice. Dear me! shall I lick it clean, or wait while the boy washes it? Don't tell anybody—I'll lick it. Having dived into the jam, I taste the cocoa. 'Tis very weak, and I see all the cocoa has sunk to the bottom of the cup. Where is the spoon? 'Tis jammy! Never mind; lick it again, and don't tell. Then allowing ourselves two sweet biscuits we conclude our meal, and, seizing pen and ink, we begin to write our letter to the children.

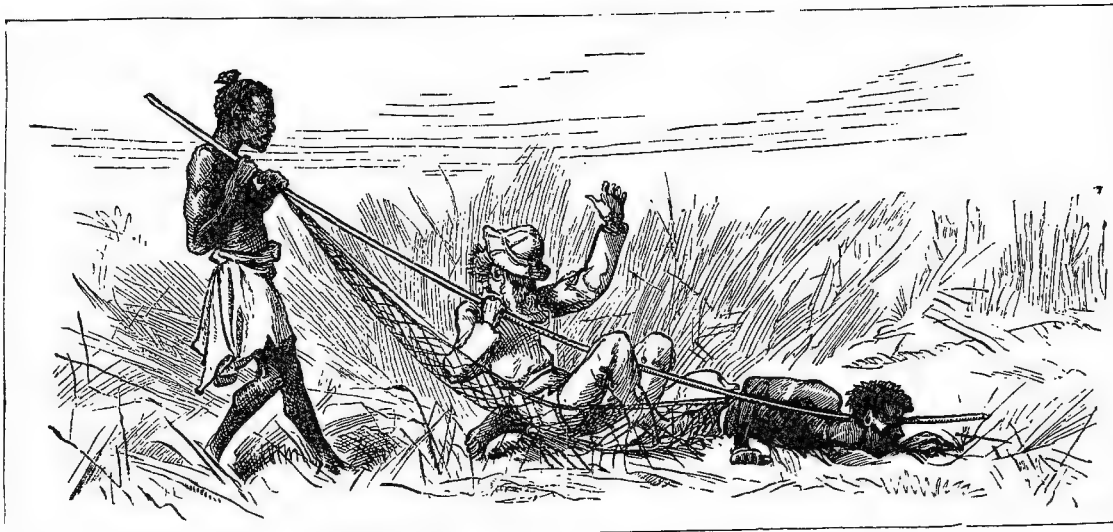
I passed the two big Pori (deserts), and at length arrived at Kisokwe, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Cole and a little English baby, at this time five months old, the first born in these parts. Both Mr. and Mrs. Cole are earnest and devoted missionaries. Mrs. Cole has a large Sunday School class. Its members form such a quaint group, I should like you just to look in upon them one Sunday afternoon. Some were very gaudily clothed in all sorts of bright colours, some merely in goat-skins. Others, again, were red with war-paint, and carried bows and arrows or pears. Altogether it would be difficult to imagine a more quaint and yet picturesque group of children; and yet, for all this funny appearance, they were very respectful and orderly, and tried to learn

the great lessons which Mrs. Cole endeavours to teach them.

Here, in addition to my other trials, I lost a friend, who, like me, was returning to England for his health. He died very suddenly at last, and at the moment of his death I alone was with him.

Not many weeks after, dear Mrs. Cole, who was so kind to your uncle during his two visits, and who was such an energetic missionary, and so truly devoted to the welfare of the swarthy sons and daughters of Africa, likewise was called away.

And now, my dear nephews and nieces, I must say farewell! What your uncle underwent is only what many out there are going

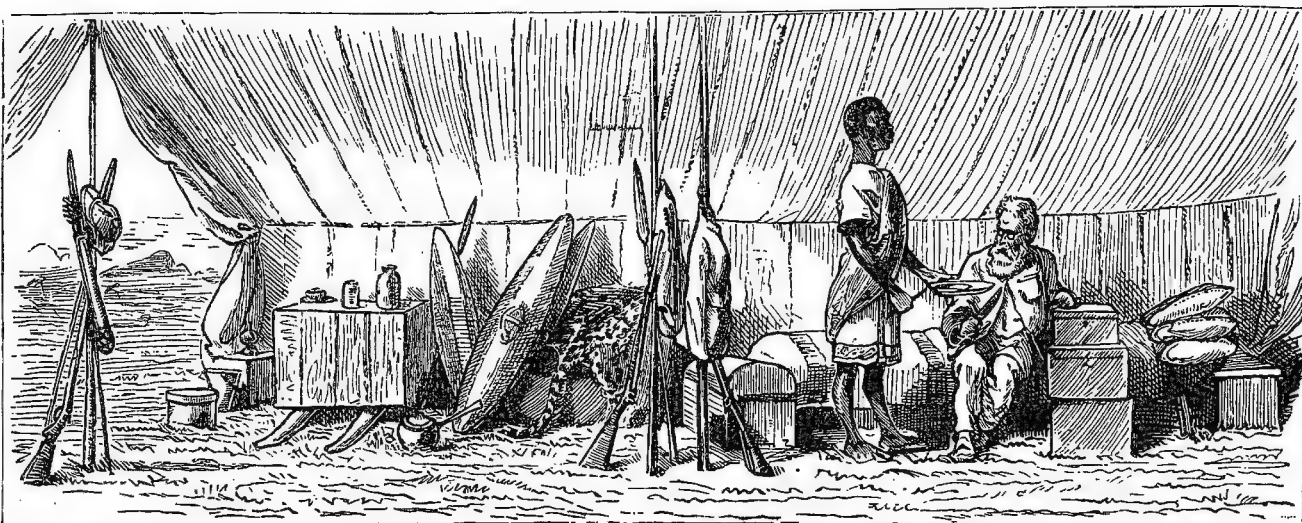


Hammock Life

bearers simultaneously tripped, and a complete downfall took place.

It is hard to draw pictures of boughs whipping one in the face, or of men banging you against a sharp-pointed stump of a tree, or of passing over rough ground, and being jumped up and down like a pea on a drum, and yet these were everyday occurrences. And as for being lifted over and under fallen trees, and being handed down deep ravines and up the other side, with one's feet far above one's head—why it happened so often that I grew accustomed to have my heels high in the air.

I believe I have already dilated on the horrors of crossing streams



Tent Life

and floods and mud pools and swamps—first one man and then the other slipping and tripping and sliding and stumbling, and gliding and tumbling, and keeping one in an intense state of agitation, let alone discomfort beyond imagination. One good man who carried me had a kind of spring-halt which was particularly unpleasant, especially after a meal.

Altogether I had a nice time of it, and one of the most suffering things about life in a hammock was the fact that I was a mere bag of bones, having been reduced from twelve to eight stones in weight by repeated attacks of fever.

I will now give you a description of my tent and its contents.

We begin at the pole, around which are fastened about twenty spears, besides a bow, one of my guns, and a native sword. Then we come to the pantry, which contains a native box made out of bark, a saucepan, bucket of water, and the two provision boxes; on the top of the little one, my lamp; on the other a cup, &c. The best box stands on two fine elephant tusks, to prevent its being eaten by the white ants. Leaving the pantry we come to the wardrobe which, besides the bags for my clothes, has also a load of shields. The one in front is from Uganda. Under some leopard and other skins you would find a load or two of cloth for barter, and, stowed away in a corner, a number of native clubs. Then as we pass on we come to the dining-room and bedroom; on my bed is my favourite old blanket which has accompanied me in all my wanderings for fifteen years, and to my mind it looks as gay as

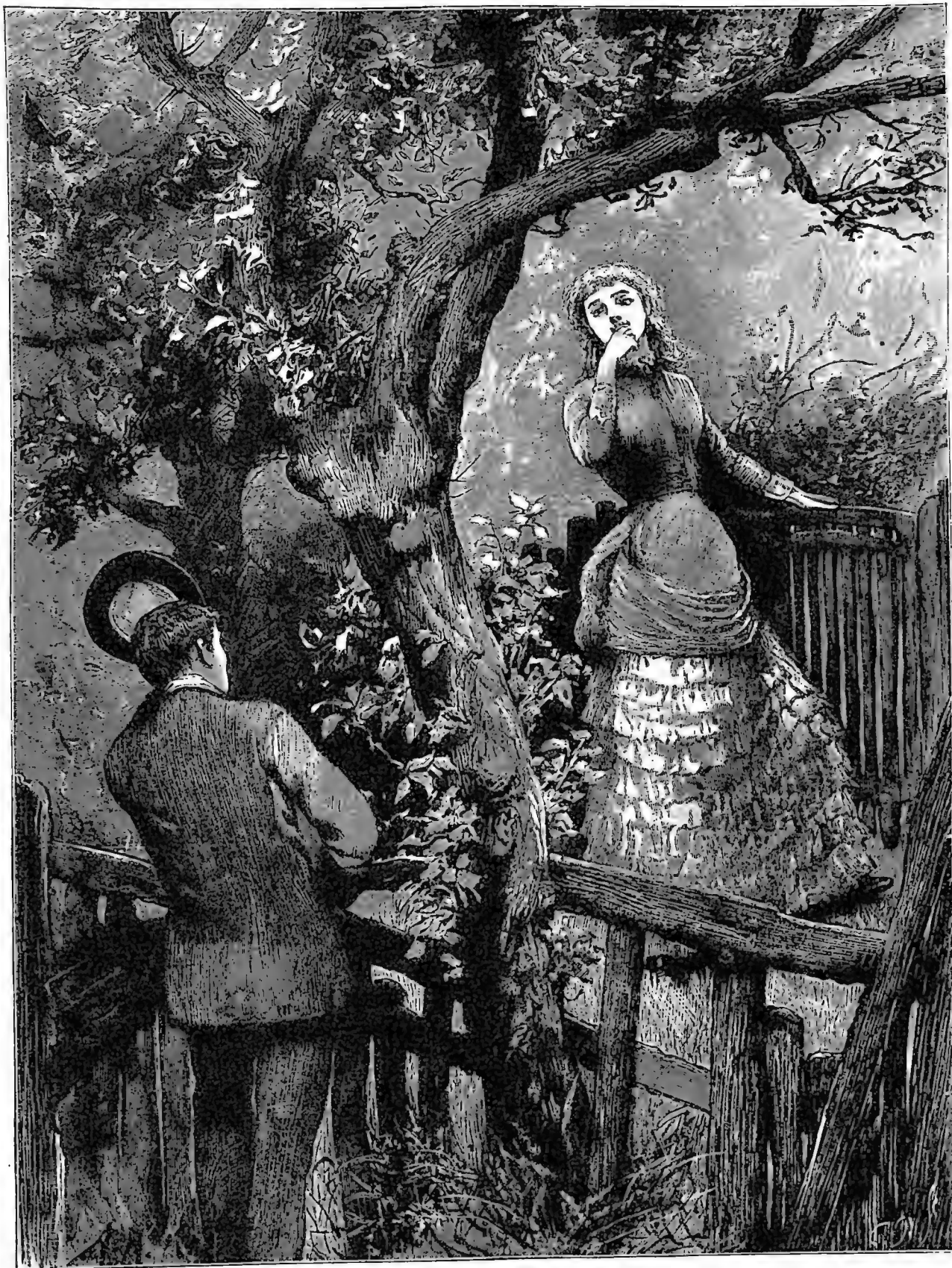


Mrs. Cole's Sunday Class

through, and must continue to go through, before a native ministry can be raised up to carry on the grand work of evangelising Africa.

You will think of these things sometimes.

Your affectionate
UNCLE.



DRAWN BY ARTHUR HOPKINS

"Dollie Greyson kissed her hand and sped up the orchard."

FROM POST TO FINISH:

A RACING ROMANCE

BY HAWLEY SMART,

AUTHOR OF "BREEZIE LANGTON," "BOUND TO WIN," "THE GREAT TONTINE" "AT FAULT," &C.

CHAPTER XIII.

"HE GAVE YOU THAT RING"

It suddenly occurred to Miss Rockingham that she was in need of some minor feminine trappings, and she accordingly wended her way to Coney Street in quest of them. Greyson's was undoubtedly the principal establishment that dealt in all such articles, and thither Miss Rockingham repaired. There were a good many people in the shop, and the attendants had their hands pretty full. Miss Rockingham took a chair, and quietly waited till some one was at leisure to attend to her. She had not to wait long, for a trim, auburn-haired damsel glided behind the counter, and demurely inquired "What she should show the lady!" Miss Rockingham gave her orders, and then glanced at the girl who was serving her. She was somewhat struck with her appearance, and still more with her manner. The girl gave the idea of being considerably above her station, and Ellen wondered she had not noticed her before.

"Have you been here long?" inquired Miss Rockingham, as she turned over a box of gloves. "I don't think you ever served me before."

"I am not often in the shop," replied Dollie, with the slightest possible elevation of the head; "I don't belong to it. Though,

when I am staying with my uncle, and they are busy, as they are to-day, I often run in and help. Are those gloves at all the shade you require?"

"Ah! You're a niece of Mr. Greyson's. Why you must be Dollie Greyson, the daughter of the trainer. I have heard people talk of your riding," said Miss Rockingham, with a slight touch of hauteur in her tones.

She might well say that, for she had heard her brother be considerably more enthusiastic on the subject of Dollie's riding than she conceived was at all necessary. She had said nothing about it, but had mentally pronounced Dollie a forward minx, and wondered whether Gerald was likely to make a fool of himself about the girl, and Miss Rockingham was fain to admit that Dollie was pretty enough to turn the head of an older man than her brother. She knew, moreover, that riding men were always fascinated by a good horsewoman, and as these thoughts shot through her mind, Miss Rockingham's eye fell upon the ring which sparkled on the third finger of Dollie's little hand.

"A souvenir of Phaeton's Leger, I presume?" remarked Ellen, a little sharply. "I hear, Miss Greyson, that your father won a great deal of money over it."

The blood rushed to the girl's face as Ellen lightly touched the

tell-tale ring, and Miss Rockingham, as she marked it, remembered in an instant that Gerald had won some money over the race, and came to a rapid conclusion as to whose gift the souvenir was.

It was but a second or two before Dollie drew herself up and replied defiantly, "You are right, Miss Rockingham; it was given me in remembrance of Phaeton's Leger."

"You know my name!" exclaimed Ellen. "I suppose we are pretty well known by sight, at all events, in and around York. Rumour may have told you that we also have our souvenir of Phaeton's Leger."

"I am sorry, very sorry," said Dollie, in a low tone. "I heard that the race was disastrous to you and yours."

"We want no pity," replied Ellen, haughtily. "We are not wont to make moan when the world goes against us. I'll take these, Miss Greyson, if you will be good enough to twist them up in paper for me."

Dollie said nothing as she deftly packed up Miss Rockingham's trifling purchases, but as she handed them across the counter could not resist murmuring in low tones, "Have you heard of your brother lately, Miss Rockingham?"

"What! You know him! It was he who gave you that ring!" exclaimed Ellen, quickly.

"Yes, I do know him, and he did give me this ring," returned Dollie, and raising her long-lashed grey eyes boldly to her interlocutor's face.

"I should advise you not to accept such courtesies from one in such a different position from your own, however young he may be. You must be aware it can mean nothing. You will find yourself talked about in a way most irritating to your self-esteem if you are not careful."

Dollie could stand this assumption of immense superiority no longer. "Your brother has been very kind to me," she said, "but I don't think he sets quite so high a value as you do upon his present position."

"You have seen him, and know what he is doing?" interrupted Ellen, eagerly.

"I saw him a few days back, and know what he is doing," returned Dollie, sententiously; "but further than that he is well I am at liberty to tell you nothing."

Miss Rockingham bent her head haughtily, and swept out of the shop. Anxious as she was to know what her brother was doing she would not stoop to beg information on that point from the trainer's daughter. She felt indignant that this girl should be the *confidante* of her brother's plans while his mother and sister did not even know where he was. What could Gerald be thinking of, taking a chit of a girl of this class as his adviser? If she could but see him to expostulate with him on his folly! And then it flashed across Miss Rockingham that their father's death and the ruin that had followed had changed Gerald from a boy to a man, that he had taken counsel from no one since, but had persistently thought and acted for himself. There was not much after all in his having given this girl a ring, considering he had won a good bit of money, that is, for him, over a horse trained by her father, but it was strange she should know all about his movements, and have seen him so lately. Had she met him by accident, or was it design? And what could he be doing? He had recognised the fact that he had got his living to earn—he had told them so when he left them—and in what manner had he set about it? No one could be more conscious of the difficulty that one brought up as he had been would have in doing so. And Miss Rockingham's eyes were quite as open to that difficulty as his own. In vain she puzzled, on her homeward walk, as to what he might be doing, and now half regretted that she had not swallowed her pride and tried to learn more from Dollie Greyson. Had she better tell her mother what she had heard? But then there was so very little to tell. Further than that, she had been told by a person who had seen him lately that he was well. No. Upon the whole, Ellen Rockingham decided to keep this meagre bit of news to herself. Her mother fretted quite enough about not hearing from Gerald as it was, and it was better not to revive the subject.

And what in the mean time were Dollie's reflections on her meeting with Miss Rockingham? She had taken the opportunity of introducing herself to that young lady, and had been most decidedly anxious to produce a favourable impression, and to establish in some sort an acquaintance with her; but she had not been prepared for the detection of her ring, and the very rapid conclusion that Miss Rockingham had come to concerning it. She was indignant with the haughty manner in which Ellen ignored the possibility of there being anything serious in the attentions of a young man in Gerald's position to a girl in her's. Position, forsooth! And Gerald at that present moment a servant in her father's stables! What would Miss Rockingham, who now looked upon her with such disdain, have thought, could she have known that fact? And Dollie, smarting under that young lady's hauteur, ground her little white teeth, and half wished she had thrown back the taunt in her face. She was glad, though immediately after, that for Gerald's sake she had refrained. "She didn't quite like seeing his ring on my finger," she murmured, with a little grimace of exultation; "and she liked still less my knowing where he was and what he was doing. And still less she liked," added Dollie, with a little triumphant toss of her head, "my refusal to tell her anything about it; warning me, indeed! not to accept courtesies from him. I wonder what she would have said if she had known that I am engaged to him. Get myself talked about! When I am talked about in connection with Gerald, I think Miss Rockingham's eyes will open a good deal wider than they did this morning."

Dollie had come down from Riddleton Moor to procure some books and music and other things not obtainable nearer than York; indeed, the Greysons paid periodical visits to that city to purchase all those articles which the home farm failed to produce, and upon such occasions put up invariably at Thomas Greyson's in Coney Street. Dollie had, of course, known Miss Rockingham perfectly by sight for some time, but as that young lady, though a very fair horsewoman, set her face against hunting as unfeminine, Miss Greyson had never before attracted Ellen's attention. However, had Miss Rockingham's manner been ever so conciliatory, Dollie would have told her no more about Gerald than she had done. She it was who had counselled his present line of life; and though she saw no way in which he was more likely to make money, and though her father's praises of "Jim Forrest" showed her judgment to have been sound on this point, still, she rather felt the position in which her lover was now placed; between the stable-boy, quite at the bottom of his profession, and the crack jockey, there is a wide gulf—a gulf, too, as she well knew, not always to be bridged; it being often a considerable time before a lad is afforded an opportunity of riding in public, and even then is apt to be put upon a horse which gives him little chance of distinguishing himself. It might be long enough before Gerald got his opening.

Dollie heard, too, plenty of talk about the downfall of the Rockinghams. The late Squire had been a popular man, as a gallant, open-handed sportsman is sure to be in the many-acred county; and she heard much regret expressed that Cranley Chase had passed away from the old family. The presence of Mrs. Rockingham and her daughter in the city kept these rumours alive; while the fact that the victory of the outsider Phaeton on Doncaster Moor had been the *coup de grâce* to the dashing lord of Cranley Chase, made a turf romance that had special interest for the sporting population of York and its neighbourhood. Dollie was destined to overhear many a bitter comment on her father's conduct. "Dad! all the Squire had been a good friend to un always. It was downright mean of old Bill Greyson not to give 't Squire a hint to save himself over the second string." Whispers were afloat, too, that Pearson and Cuthbert Elliston, leading patrons of Greyson's stable, had been amongst the biggest winners over the race, and that neither of these should have given the dead man a hint seemed monstrous in the eyes of Yorkshire. Both were well known in the county, and both were far from popular. Even his intimates were wont to say there was no trusting Cuddie Elliston, while, as for Sam Pearson, it was a current saying, that "No one had ever bested him." Still, Yorkshire has a certain respect for this faculty; and though Pearson was regarded as a man who carried it rather far, and would have skinned his own brother upon occasion, yet public opinion did not get much farther regarding him than that "Lawyer Pearson knew his way about; and you'd to get up main early in the morning to get a point the best of him."

It was right and natural that a lawyer should overreach you if he could, and that a Yorkshireman should want the best of a bargain in horseflesh, or some undue advantage in a wager, was all in the ordering of things. Pearson was not only tolerably free-handed, but affected a geniality of manner which, if not quite current coin, was at all events near enough to pass as such. With Elliston the

case was different, he was a sharp, tricky practitioner, not even to be trusted by his friends, endowed with a bitter, jibing tongue, that had rarely good to say of any one. Like most gamblers, he was lavish of his money when fortune smiled; but then he spent it chiefly on himself. In short, there was usually little satisfaction manifested amongst racing men at the success of Greyson's stable, of which Cuddie Elliston was the guiding star; he and his partner Pearson were wont to keep their "good things" strictly to themselves; and, above all, did they object to the public participating in their *coups*.

Such remarks as these about her father and his principal employers made Dollie's ears tingle. Mr. Greyson would have been an honest trainer had his patrons been of that way of thinking; but with them it was simply a case of which way most money was to be made over a race, and Bill Greyson consequently was continually expending all his skill in preparing horses for contests which their owners had no intention of allowing them to win.

The odium of such proceedings naturally attached itself to the Riddleton trainer, and Dollie's father bore an unmistakeably shy reputation in consequence.

CHAPTER XIV.

TURF TACTICS

DOLLIE had returned from York not a little put out with all the gossip she had chanced to hear about her father. She, of course, knew all about the horses in his charge. She followed their fortunes in the papers, and knew that they did not always win when expected to do so, but she was shocked at the idea that her father should be deemed capable of not doing his very best with them. She was much distressed that the poor Squire should not have been told about Phaeton last year. She had heard her father say that he thought he should "take the Leger," but she, like the public in general, supposed he meant with Caterham. She knew that the Squire had died a ruined man, but she had not understood before that the clever finessing of her father and his employers had dealt him the finishing blow. She remembered Alister Rockingham when she was quite a little girl, a tall handsome man, with always a pleasant word for her and her mother. He had a few horses at Riddleton in those days, the management of which, though Dollie did not know it, was principally left to Cuthbert Elliston, and it was their questionable running which had led to his leaving Greyson's stable. Then, as now, the trainer bore the blame, which accrued simply from carrying out Elliston's instructions. Later the Squire had an inkling of the truth, and though he never again sent any horses to Riddleton, was always on friendly terms with Greyson, and more than once indebted to him for a hint at the eleventh hour. It was this had made him so incredulous about Phaeton. So far he was right: Caterham was the best horse of the two, but the other was just good enough to win. Still the Squire made sure that if such a bit of turf tactics was about to be attempted he should have had a hint from Greyson, and in default of that stood staunchly by Caterham, with the disastrous result we have seen.

A day or two after her return her father observed: "Mind you have a tidy breakfast for us to-morrow, lass. Mr. Elliston and Pearson are coming to have a look at the horses in the morning, and I suppose they'll let me know then what they really want. The nags are very well, and will pick up a good race or two this spring, if they're wanted."

"I should have thought, father, men who kept racehorses were always anxious to take all the prizes within their reach, if only for the swagger of the thing."

Bill Greyson stared for a moment at his daughter in sheer astonishment that a child of his could still be so innocent with regard to the intricacies of the turf and the ways of its votaries.

"Yes, Dollie, I suppose they do like all the flourish and swagger of pulling off a big race when they are young, but they very soon cease to care about bringing down a royal stag unless there's a lot of meat on the carcass. Do you understand me?"

"I think so. You mean men like Mr. Elliston and Mr. Pearson don't care to win races unless they can win a lot of money over it."

"Just so, child. Men like Mr. Elliston and Pearson, like the man you were reading to us about the other night, 'fight for their own hand,' and don't care much about the public," replied the trainer, sententiously.

"But, father, surely this is very unsatisfactory for you?" said the girl, raising her large grey eyes to his face.

"I've got to get my living, girl," replied Greyson, doggedly; "and trainers and jockeys, like other servants, have to do as they are told. Our soldiers and sailors get hampered in that respect, too, I'm told," and so saying the trainer walked away.

Dollie pondered a good deal over her father's last remark. He was not altogether a free agent then, but in the hands of his employers, and Dollie had what the people in York said concerning *them* still ringing in her ears. William Greyson was indeed more in their power than his daughter could guess. Like many of his class, he had passed through times of impecuniosity, and Mr. Pearson, far too shrewd a man not to buy any one it was his worth his while to have under his thumb, had been only too happy to accommodate the trainer with a loan. Loans from Lawyer Pearson were of that kind that one never settled. Interest ran on. You were begged not to trouble yourself about it, and the millstone was round your neck in an incredibly short time.

And now occurred to Dollie another very awkward circumstance in connection with the visits of Messrs. Elliston and Pearson to Riddleton Moor. Both these gentlemen knew Gerald Rockingham, and the probability was that they would recognise him under the guise of Jim Forrest, the stable lad. Why had she never thought of this most likely occurrence when advising Gerald to seek service with her father? Surely it was the very last training stable in England in which to attempt the bold stroke to fortune he aimed at. But the girl could not resist the temptation of seeing her lover constantly, and that had blinded her to the palpable danger that was now on the verge of occurring. Dollie knew both Cuthbert Elliston and Sam Pearson, although she had seen little of them during the last three years, in which she had principally resided at York with her uncle for educational purposes; but the question now was, What was Gerald to do? See him she must, and yet that was not so easy without attracting attention. Still, warned of the advent of that cousin, for whom she knew he nourished undying animosity, Dollie knew he must be. It would be absurd to suppose that this contingency had not suggested itself to the lovers previously, and it had been arranged between them that Gerald was to have due warning.

It was not quite so easy for the girl to see Gerald alone. If Miss Dollie were once seen to favour one of the stable lads, tongues would run riot on Riddleton Moor, and let the thing once reach the ears of old Greyson the dismissal of the offender would be both prompt and summary. Still, the supineness of her mother gave the girl more opportunity than she would otherwise have enjoyed, and whether it's

Well to sever,
Two fond hearts for ever,

as the song says, I can't say, but they are a little difficult to keep apart in these times.

Dollie found means to let her lover know that he must meet her at the low fence at the bottom of the orchard, which, abutting on a portion of the stables, was not liable to attract attention, and had occasionally served them in such stead before. Their meetings had naturally been rare, though they got a glimpse of each other daily

and in one's teens, when smitten by the love god's arrows, that goes for much.

"Gerald," she said, "I can only snatch a few moments to talk to you—you know how risky our meeting is, and that if my father had any suspicion of the terms we stand upon he would no longer hear of your holding your present position. Stop, don't interrupt me," she continued, as he made a sign of remonstrance, "what we have rather feared is about to take place. Mr. Elliston and his partner are coming to see the horses to-morrow morning!"

"Which comes to the same thing. Your father will, of course, know all about it; it is impossible that my cousin and Pearson will not recognise me."

"Not necessarily," replied Dollie. "Your companions and even yourself swathe your throats these chilly spring mornings pretty closely in woollen comforters. You must take an extra turn or two with your wraps to-morrow. I think, then, if you pull your cap well down over your brows, the complete change in your dress, and the idea of finding you in such a position being so utterly unexpected, will prevent any recognition on their part. Bear in mind, too, the owners come down to see their horses, and take very little heed of the boys that ride them. Besides, they both of them detest the Dancing Master, and are not very likely to take much notice of him. He cost them a deal of money last year, and I heard Mr. Elliston say that it was far cheaper to shoot brutes like that than to sell them, as you might then be tempted to back them once more on the strength of what they *could* do, and in defiance of your being aware that they wouldn't do it—in public."

"It's all very well for you to argue like that, Dollie; but no man fond of horses could resist looking over the Dancing Master just now. He's in the bloom of condition; Caterham won the Guineas, and Phaeton scored the Leger; yet, when it comes to looks, they really are not in it with that queer-tempered grey, and what's more, would not be in it either when it comes to galloping, if the villain would only try."

"Does he go any better with you, Gerald?"

"Well, it's hard to say; there are mornings when he will stride along as kindly as possible, and be as nice a horse as a man can care to ride. Then, perhaps, the next day neither I nor any one else can do anything with him. He will always, I should think, be a very dangerous horse to put money on. I suppose I must follow your advice, and chance not being recognised; but I fancy to-morrow morning will see the termination of my engagement on Riddleton Moor;" and Gerald looked rather sentimentally across the fence into Dollie's charming face.

"Nonsense!" she replied; "do as I tell you, and it will be all right. If it could be avoided, no doubt it would be better; but it is a contingency that you were sure to have to face sooner or later; and now I must run away, I dare not stay longer. Good-bye, Gerald, dearest; and remember one thing: let nothing induce you to open your lips if possible; but, if you must speak, you can't be too brief and husky." With which parting advice, Dollie Greyson kissed her hand and sped up the orchard.

The next morning saw Gerald enveloped in many folds of woollen comforters, with cap slouched down and shoulders hunched up, on the back of the Dancing Master, wending his way with his fellows to the far side of Riddleton Moor. He complained to them in thick, husky tones of the chilliness of the Moor, and affected as much as possible to be suffering from a severe cold. The string had been leisurely walking about some time before Bill Greyson was seen driving a small waggone across the turf towards them; in his two companions Gerald recognised at a glance the two men whose observation he was so anxious to escape.

"The horses are all well, you say, Greyson, but I don't know that there's much to be done with them. Caterham and Phaeton are so thoroughly exposed that they will have to run a bye or two before they get well into a handicap. There's no money in cup-racing, and Pearson and myself infinitely prefer swelling our banker's account to decorating our sideboards."

"Caterham, sir, would have a very fair chance of the City and Suburban," said the trainer, drily.

"Precisely what the public think, Greyson, and the public accordingly will have one more lesson about the imprudence of jumping to erroneous conclusions. Having, in their anxiety to grow rich, backed the winner of the Guineas, they will have the satisfaction of learning that this isn't his race, and paying their money accordingly. Ah! you have that ill-tempered grey brute out, I see. Of course, he is well—that sort always are. Like bad-tempered men, their contrariness keeps them in health. He don't improve in his manners?"

"No, sir," replied the trainer. "I suppose, though, he had better go to Newmarket on the off chance. Though I'm afraid we shan't take the Two Thousand this year."

"He don't go at *my* expense," sneered Cuthbert Elliston; "and what's more, I don't intend the brute to eat at my expense either much longer. If Pearson here likes to send him, well and good; but I don't suppose he means to throw money away more than myself."

"No," replied the lawyer, laughing; "I've no money to spend in travelling a trick horse about the country. The fact is, Bill, we are both going for Pibroch. Sir Marmaduke's got the money down in earnest, and declares he will win the length of a street."

"Well, sir," replied the trainer, quietly; "it's a pity not to run the Dancing Master. He's very fit and well just now; it's a big stake to pick up, and he might take it into his head to do his best. His sort do at times—more especially when you don't back 'em—"

"Now, look here," replied Elliston, sharply, "let's know at once what you're driving at. What are you trying to persuade me to send that worthless brute to Newmarket for?"

"Why, to tell you the truth, Mr. Elliston, I've got a thousand to thirty about him. I shall probably be able to hedge if he starts, and thereby save my thirty pound."

"Ah! you want to save your thirty pound at my expense. We will think about it. Meanwhile let's see him gallop."

Pulling up, and handing the reins to Cuthbert Elliston, Greyson got out of the waggone, walked across, and gave a few directions to the head boy.

"A good half-speed gallop, William," said he, "and bustle 'em up a bit in the last half-mile."

The string got into Indian file, Joe Butters, on last year's Leger winner, leading; Caterham laid next, and a very useful five-year plater, who had done the stable yeoman's service, followed, while the Dancing Master, with Jim Forrest in the saddle, closed the procession. Intent more upon concealing his identity than the business in hand, Jim was as nearly as possible deposited on the broad of his back as Butters gave the signal to go. The Dancing Master responded to the pressure of his rider's knees by a plunge and a couple of buck jumps that would have proved too much for most lads, and landed Jim Forrest on the grey's neck.

"You haven't improved that amiable brute's temper an atom," sneered Elliston, in those sharp, clear, acid tones that had superseded the soft, trainante accents of his younger days, "and putting up such a young duffer as that to ride him is not likely to make him more tractable."

"He's not a bad boy, sir," replied the trainer, quietly, "but that grey colt's rather too much for any of 'em."

"By Heaven, he means going now!" exclaimed Pearson, as the Dancing Master, after shaking his head rather seriously, as if taking in the position of affairs, took hold of his bit and dashed furiously in

pursuit. That he should speedily overhaul his leaders was nothing, they were only going half speed, and it was quite evident that it was just all Jim could do to prevent the grey getting clean away with him. Still, Pearson and Elliston knew a galloper when they saw one, and the long, low, raking stride, and the way he ran up to his horses, impressed them strongly.

"By Jove!" said Pearson, "temper or no temper, a mover like that can never be said to be quite out of the race."

"Yes; he covers ground when he begins. But you don't suppose at Newmarket that they're going to canter at starting just to suit his convenience, do you? Why, they would have been half way to the winning-post before the grey beggar thought it was time to begin. Hah! Look at him now! Oh, you beauty! A platoon of musketry in the home paddock is about what you're fit for."

As the last words escaped his lips, the Dancing Master stopped as abruptly as he had started, and commenced to kick, and when he once more condescended to resume galloping his stable companions were finishing at racing pace. Jim Forrest, with a view to escaping observation, stopped his ill-tempered charge some distance below the point where the others had pulled up, and walked him slowly back the far side of the gallop.

"Well, Greyson, they all look well and flourishing, but I don't see any opportunity of slipping them just yet; as I said before, the public have helped themselves to all the money about the City and Suburban—and I hope the public will enjoy the result. We must wait for our chance. It will come before the year is out. As for that grey devil, I'm not going to pay his train to Newmarket."

"Pity, too, sir," said the trainer, "not to have a cut at such a big stake on the off chance."

"No, Greyson; you are very considerate, but I'm not going to pay insurance on your thirty sovereigns. Stop! I'll tell you what I'll do with you. If you choose to pay the brute's expenses you may. If he wins I'll take the stakes, but the horse shall be yours. Remember, the winner of the Two Thousand will be worth money, and if you take my advice you'll part with him to the first man that makes a decent offer."

"Done, Mr. Elliston. It won't be the first hundred I've made a big hole in by taking long odds; but still, what with the thousand I shall stand to win, and what the horse will be worth if he does win, it's good enough to chance."

"Glad you think so. I shouldn't have thought it so myself; but there's one thing you have rather overlooked—you will find it difficult to get any one to ride—all the jockeys worth having are engaged."

"That don't matter, sir," replied Greyson, as he got into the waggonette and resumed the reins. "In a case like this it's no use wearing money. I shall just put one of the lads up. Jockeys as a rule can't do much with a colt like the Dancing Master. If that horse is to win he'll have to do it himself; he's pretty certain to decline either assistance or interference. The only orders I should give the best man in England would be, 'Get well off, and then leave him alone.' And now, gentlemen, I should think you're about ready for breakfast."

Arrived at the house, Greyson ushered his guests into the dining-room, the table of which was spread with all the substantial luxuries of a genuine Yorkshire breakfast,—home-smoked hams, game pie, kippered salmon, hot rolls, new-laid eggs, &c., with Mrs. Greyson, radiant in smiles and ribbons, presiding at the tea equipage. Like other invalids one has met, she could always make an effort for company. The gentlemen were both old friends of hers, and Elliston, indeed, not a little of a favourite. The sneering manner, habitual to him in talking to her husband, he entirely dropped in speaking to Mrs. Greyson; and Cuthbert Elliston's tongue had by no means lost its cunning when it came to charming a woman's ear. He gave a slight start of astonishment when Mrs. Greyson presented him to her daughter. He had not seen Dollie for the last three or four years, and in the pretty, bright-haired girl, with her trim figure and perfectly possessed manner, he could see no trace of the wild little hoyden only hazily remembered.

"And so you are Dollie!" said he, gazing at her with a bold stare of admiration which brought the blood faintly to her face. "Upon my soul, Greyson, I congratulate you. I never dreamt that the little tomboy of a few years back would grow up so pretty a girl. Pray, are you as fond of schooling the young horses as you used to be?"

"I don't think I ride any worse," replied Dollie. "I can certainly say my nerve is as good as ever."

"Yes," said her father fondly; "she finished in the first flight with the York and Ainstey more than once last winter."

"Ah," said Elliston; "what, you were the Miss Greyson that was often out with them when they met on the York side. I never had a turn with them myself, and always supposed it was some cousin of yours, a daughter of the Coney Street fellow. Gad! with that red-gold hair, those dark curly eye-lashes, and a neat-fitting habit, you must have made wild work with the young bloods of the York and Ainstey."

"I don't know much about that, Mr. Elliston," replied the girl laughing. "They were all civil and courteous enough to me in the hunting field—old and young—ever willing to do me a good turn, show me an easy place, or holloa to me not to try something beyond my powers. Will you take some more tea?—That ham, Mr. Pearson, is of mother's own curing, and we rather pique ourselves upon our hams at Riddleton."

"First-rate ham, Miss Greyson; and that's about the best game pie I've peeped into, Bill, for many a long day. God bless my soul!" chuckled the sporting attorney; "if the 'good things' on the top of the Moor were only half as good as those in the dining-room at the bottom, what millionaires we should all be! Dear me," he added, addressing the trainer; "only think of the good things that we two have not only stood in, but pulled off. We have made a little bit, Bill; but what's the use of a little bit?—we wanted a tidy house down here, then a moor in Scotland, then a pretty comfortable shanty in London. And that's where it was—we always play for too much; 'twas always either that Scotch moor or that town house that beat us; turf gambling is like building card-houses—you never know when to stop; you get the third storey up with infinite trouble, and you always go for that fourth storey, and down the whole thing comes, and you have to begin again. There's a time when I could have gone clean out of the business with twenty thousand in my pocket. I've seen many a bitter day since then, and would be glad now to get out of it for half the amount."

"Just the way with all you half-plucked ones," rejoined Elliston, jeeringly. "I play for the lot, and mean to have it yet. We'll be rum customers to tackle, Sam, when the autumn handicaps come round. Mark me, if we're not."

"Yes, Mrs. Greyson, just one more cup of tea; and, I can't help it, but I must positively ask Miss Dollie there for another rasher of ham. What with the way you cure 'em, ma'am, and the Riddleton ham, I always feel that a second ham on the table leaves plenty of room for inquiry."

"Look sharp, old man," chimed in Elliston, as the trainer's wife beamed with satisfaction at the lawyer's compliment to her housewifery. "Every one has known for years that Mrs. Greyson is not only about the best-looking woman in the Riding, but with the sole idea of what a Yorkshire breakfast should be. If ever a woman was tired of compliments, you should be, Mrs. Greyson; it is no disparagement, Dollie, to say we were born too soon, and remember your mother; but, my dear, you'll turn some of the young 'uns foolish before many months are over. Now, Sam, I've to catch the

London train. We must make a start of it. Good-bye, Mrs. Greyson, good-bye. Our trap's at the door, I see. Wish you luck at Newmarket, Greyson; that is if you still persist in such Midsummer madness."

"What does Mr. Elliston mean by wishing you luck at Newmarket?" inquired Dollie, as the sounds of the carriage that was conveying her father's patrons died away in the distance.

"He's given me leave to send the Dancing Master to run for the Guineas if I like to pay the expenses."

"Is it worth while, father?"

"Well, lass, you see, I've got a nicish bet about him. He's wonderfully well just now, and he's a flyer when he likes. It's all the odd's I've got against his liking, but I tell you he'll make mince-meat of his field if he takes it into his head to try. I shall send that new lad, Forrest, with him. He can do more with the horse than any one."

"And yet he nearly killed him to begin with."

"Quite true, Dollie, but the lad has two great qualities of a horseman—hands and patience. The Dancing Master's disposition is not heavenly, but he is more likely to run kind with young Forrest than with any one else."

"And if he won it would be the making of him!" cried the girl, eagerly.

"Well, yes, he'd get another chance or two, no doubt, after winning the Guineas," rejoined the trainer, as he eyed his daughter with no little astonishment. "But what interest have you in him? Why do you ask?"

"Oh, none. Only I saw his first fight with the horse. As Mr. Elliston says, 'I wish you luck,' father," and so saying Dollie tripped out of the room.

(To be continued)



It is well that those who have not the opportunity of consulting the originals should be able to form an estimate of Gillray and his brother caricaturists. And yet we do not think that an estimate formed from "English Caricature and Satire on Napoleon I." (Chatto and Windus) is likely to be a fair one; for Gillray, at any rate, is never a quarter so happy where Napoleon is concerned as when he takes in hand the home life of our King George and his family, for instance. Of most of these caricatures the poverty of invention is only equalled by the vulgarity, while the satire shows the low ebb to which that branch of literature had sunk, the one redeeming feature being the often very clever drawing. Mr. Ashton reminds us that "tastes and habits were coarser then than now;" and certainly these volumes will not give us a better opinion either of the refinement or the magnanimity of our grandfathers. It was untrue to fact as well as to the real spirit of humour to gibbet Bonaparte as a contemptible little monster, and to give him absurd nicknames such as "Tiddy Doll." Our comic papers sometimes forget themselves, especially when dealing with political opponents; but we cannot imagine the most cynical of them sinking so low as to publish such meanly offensive sketches as those of Josephine's career from planter's daughter to Empress; while the virulence of the attacks on Fox, Sheridan, &c.—that, for instance, in which Nelson drags them along in chains as weeping "Cock Devils" (crocodiles)—makes us feel very self-complacent when we turn to a volume of Tenniel on Beaconsfield. Along with the caricatures Mr. Ashton gives some curious Napoleon acrostics, an identification of him with the Beast in Revelation, his descent from the "Man in the Iron Mask" (Louis XIV.'s elder brother), as well as copious extracts from Combe's doggerel history. We wish he had printed more of the grim caricatures of the Russian Campaign. "General Frost Shaving Little Boney" is one of the best in the book. Of those which appeared during the "Hundred Days" he prefers to give us only descriptions, characterising Rowlandson's "Corsican and his Bloodhounds at the Thuilleries" as "in horrible taste;" and the same artist's "Waterloo" as "a very weak production." Of some, which he only names, he says "they are too silly to reproduce or describe;" and this verdict we should extend to a good many of those which he has selected. What can be in coarser taste, and altogether more contemptible, than Rowlandson's "Napoleon's Flight from Hell-boy (Elba)," and the same artist's "Devil's Darling?" To the present generation George Cruikshank's sketches (those of his father Isaac were, Mr. Ashton says, mostly done by him) are for some reasons the most interesting of any.

Mr. Boulger believes that "General Gordon's Letters from the Crimea, the Danube, and Armenia" (Chapman and Hall) explain how he was able, six years later, to lead a Chinese army to constant victory. The letters have not a trace of the mystical theology of his recent writings; they are simply those of a keen observer anxious to do his work thoroughly. Like every one else, he was disgusted with the intrigues of the Russians, who did their best to make government impossible in the ceded parts of Bessarabia. "Stupid and conceited as the Turks are, I prefer them to their apparently more civilised neighbours," is his verdict.

Among the Rev. J. J. Hillocks's "Hard Battles for Life and Usefulness" (Sonnenschein) he had some very desperate ones with the Master and "Lady Superintendent" of the famous St. Pancras Workhouse. He rescued from the insane ward a decayed gentleman of eighty who had been taken to the House because, after paying rates for many years, she sent for the parish doctor. He found a living child laid out for dead, and "made the nation shudder" at his account of such barbarity. In the workhouse he caught a fever which was so nearly fatal that one of the Guardians talked of the wicked ceasing from troubling. The latter part of Mr. Hillocks's work, detailing his work among the London poor, and giving his ideas on "The Roots and Remedies of London Misery," is deeply interesting, for the writer was the child of a very poor seaman weaver in Dundee, and had such an uphill struggle as few except Scots manage to succeed in. He speaks, therefore, of what he knows when he answers such questions as "Do the Poor Make the Slums?" and his testimony that slums exist because they pay better than any other kind of house property has the value of actual experience. "Don't separate parents from children" is one of his rules; "Keep clear of sectarianism" is another, the need for which, he assures us, has by no means passed away. His own ups and downs in life are varied enough. But for an accident he would have gone to sea like his father. But for the death of a kind doctor who attended him, and afterwards made the sharp bookish boy free of his laboratory, he would have taken to medicine. Had not the book into which his early poems were copied been stolen he would have added another to the Scottish weaver-poets. Such an autobiography is necessarily egotistic; and Mr. Hillocks is prone to dilate too much on the notice taken of him in high places, especially on a letter from the Queen, to whom he sent a copy of his first published work. He also has the Scotch love of fine language; and tells us that "the pleasant and elevating commingling of his soul with that of Alexander Smith was mutually ardent." But his antecedents more than excuse such little weaknesses. He is full of that *perferendum ingenium* which the Scotch, unlike their Irish brethren,

manage to turn to good account. His only failure was in an attempt to "purify" Shakespeare; he does not seem to have heard of the Rev. J. Bowdler.

The Rev. G. J. Davies's "Selections From the Sermons of the Late Rev. Charles Bradley" (Wells Gardner) shows the now almost forgotten Clapham School at its best. The sermons are earnest and well-reasoned, of course without any of those *ménagements* which the progress of thought has introduced into the pulpit. Mr. Bradley, educated at St. Edmund's Hall, Oxford, was curate in charge of High Wycombe, where he had among his pupils Smith O'Brien and Bonamy Price. Afterwards, along with Glasbury in the Diocese of St. David's, he held St. James's, Clapham; and his place among his clerical neighbours may be estimated from the fact that high Calvinists used to think his preaching too pleasant and attractive to be quite orthodox.

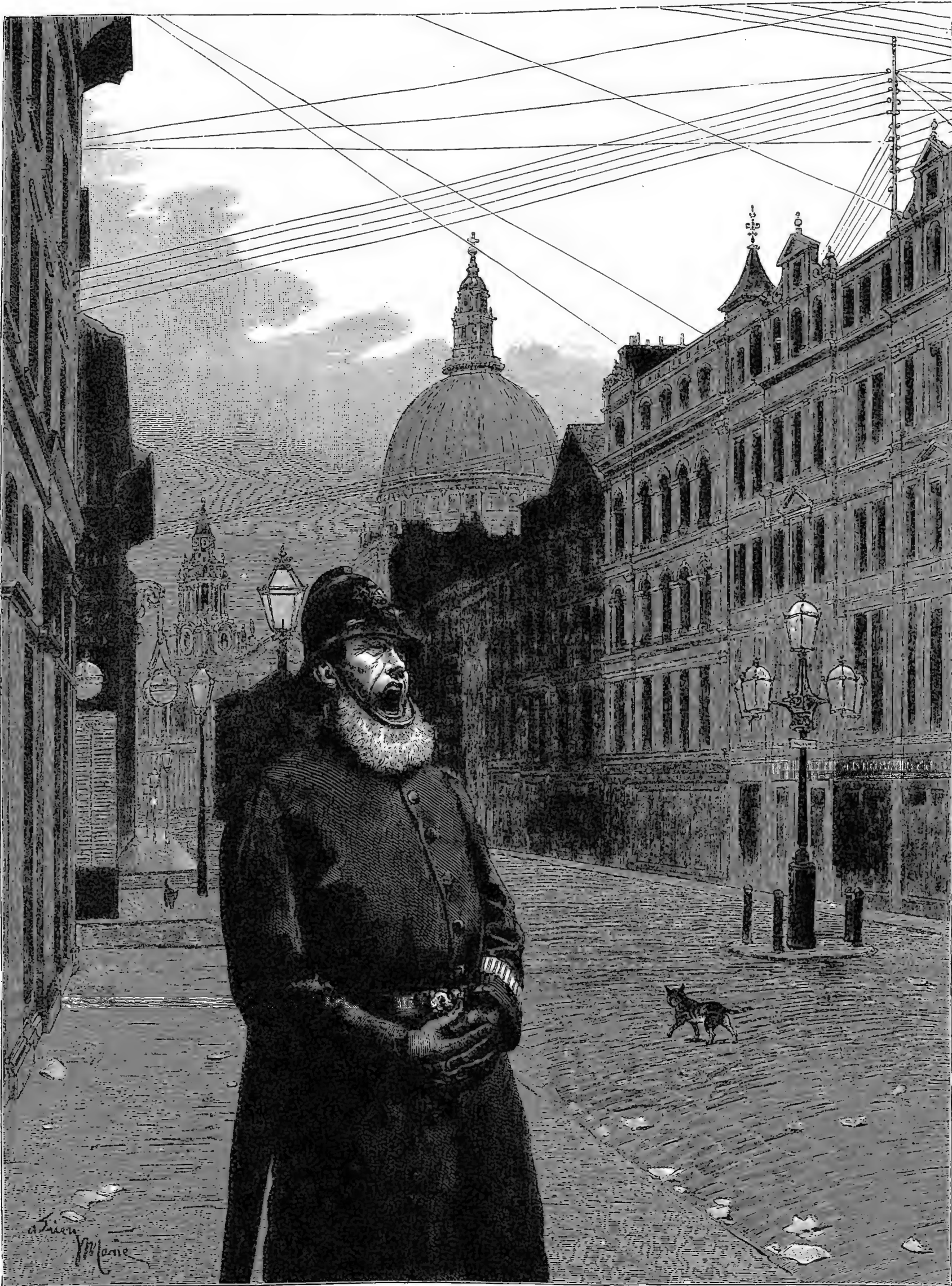
The same publishers send us Mr. Davenport Adams's "Worthies of the Church of England," a great improvement on Mr. Adams's recent compilations. Some of these lives are exceedingly interesting, those of Edward Dennison and George (brother of "Tom") Hughes, for instance; and, in another way, that of Bernard Gilpin, "the Apostle of the North." Believing as we do in the teaching value of biography, we heartily recommend this little volume as a present for young people of either sex.

"Worship in Heaven and on Earth" (Wells Gardner, London; Dawson, Montreal) is dedicated to Prof. Salmon, of T. C. D., by his former pupil, the Rector of Montreal. Mr. Norton (author of "Hearty Services") is anxious to give Canadian Churchmen some guidance in what he calls "the great and necessary Ritual revival now in progress." He has not so far forgotten his Dublin training as to have become a Ritualist; but work at Durham impressed him with the beauty of well-ordered services; and, though he talks of "Popish guile," he freely confesses how much was lost at the Reformation which might have been reformed, and what valuable elements in worship were the silent prayers and the processions which the Puritans anathematised because they were unable to distinguish between Primitive reverence and Mediaeval superstition. He is right in believing it to have been a great misfortune that ritual questions were not taken up by the leaders of the Tractarian movement, and therefore fell into incompetent hands: "They are questions of secondary importance; but are often more difficult and require more scholarship to settle than graver matters." What the Ritualists needed was *learned instruction*. On these and kindred topics Mr. Norton speaks with a moderation which will commend itself to reasonable men of all parties. Let us hope his book may help to save Canada from being disgraced by such an ecclesiastical faction-fight as the Church Association does its best to keep alive in this country. His model is the Worship in the Synagogue. He specially praises the responses, which the choir often leaves to the congregation, thus forcing them to do what our choirs, in the very teeth of our Rubrics, habitually do for them. The earlier part of this work shows signs of research. After some chapters on "The Instinct of Worship," Mr. Norton enlarges on all that Scripture tells us of Worship in Heaven, and then goes through Heathen, Jewish, Christian worship successively. His account of the Buddhist Worship and Liturgy is very interesting. If Buddhism was practically up to the level of its Liturgies, it would be a very noble faith indeed.

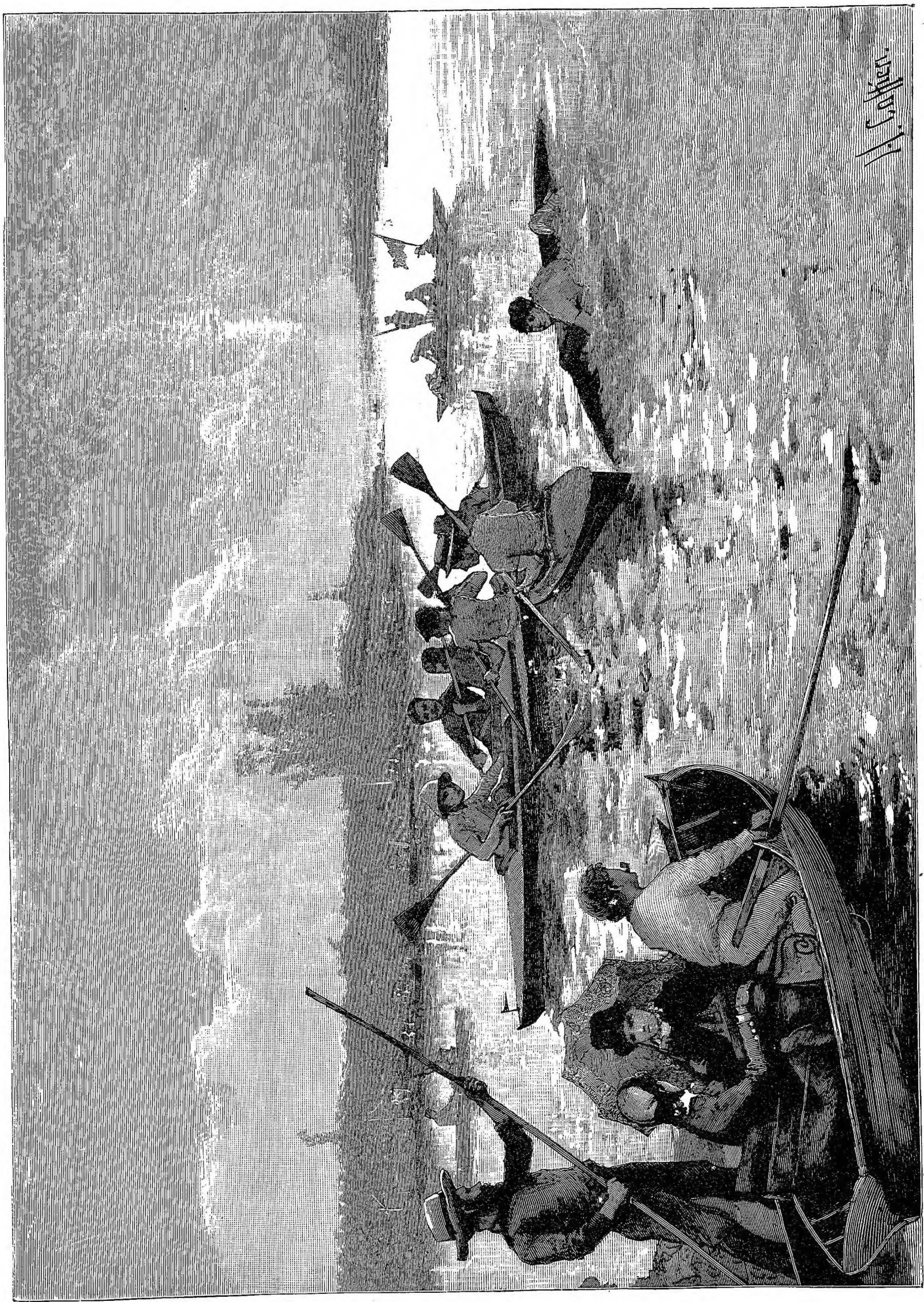
The presence among us of the Maori King gives additional interest to Mr. Kerry-Nicholls's very readable book, "The King Country" (Sampson Low and Co.) Tawhiao has over come to plead for the 10,000 square miles of reserve which the colonists say was not reserved for, but only provisionally entrusted to, his people. "Let us remain here at Aotearoa (Land of Bright Sunlight—Northern as opposed to foggy Middle Island)" is his cry. But Lord Derby let him see that whether we shall abide by the Treaty of Waitangi or not must depend wholly on our people's wants—not on his people's wishes, nor on the abstract justice of the case. When we want "the King Country" we shall take it, providing, perhaps, a Flinders Island for such Maories as may survive the final conflict. A wonderful country it is, with its hot lakes, and gleaming terraces of silica sand, and big geysers, and craters, active and extinct, and lava bluffs. When the Maori is disposed of, we hope some part of the region will be made public property, after the fashion of the Yosemite Valley; lest enterprising speculators mar its picturesqueness with monstrous washing-houses in which to do all the laundry work of the islands, and perhaps fill it with sheds in which to prepare, with the water that boils up all round, tinned meat enough to meet the whole European supply. Mr. Nicholls is fond of fine writing; but a man who has been up both Tongariro and the great Peak of Ruapehu may be pardoned if he gets off his legs now and then in his descriptions. His book is well worth reading. He has been over much really new ground; and, although he is not the first explorer of the hot-lake country, no one has hitherto described it so fully. The Maories were not much delighted at having their last strongholds prospected by a Pakeha, though they made no attempt to shoot him as a spy, as "Roosians or Proosians" would certainly have done. It is very sad to hear that the giant Arawa Tribe (the Maori "Joyces of Joyce's country") have grown to be over fond of raw rum and strong tobacco, and make a harvest out of tourists, for whom they are equally ready to dance the *haka* or to sing hymns, as it may please their interviewer.

Farther instalments of guide-books continue to come to hand. Amongst them are a new edition of the admirable "J. E. M. Guide to Switzerland," "The Alps, and How to See Them," edited by J. E. Muddock, and published by Messrs. Wyman and Sons; new editions of Stanford's tourist guides to "The Channel Islands," by G. Phillips Bevan; to "Derbyshire," by the Rev. J. Charles Cox; and the "East and North Riding of Yorkshire," by G. Phillips Bevan; the fifth edition of Jenkinson's "Practical Guide to the English Lake District—Kewick section;" and the same author's "Tourist's Guide to the English Lake District;" and his "Smaller Practical Guide to Isle of Man" (Stanford). We have also received Mr. Jenkinson's Practical Guides to "Carlisle, Gilsland, Roman Wall, and Neighbourhood," and to "North Wales" (Stanford): both admirable examples of what guide-books should be. Messrs. Dulau and Co. send us another volume of the Thorough Guide Series: "North Wales, Part I.," by M. J. B. Baddeley and C. S. Ward. This volume includes the Chester, Rhyl, Llandudno, Bangor, Llanrwst, Bettws-y-Coed, Carnarvon, Llanberis, Beddgelert, and Ffestiniog sections. Mr. Godfrey Turner has also written an interesting little handbook, "Picturesque Wales: a Handbook of Scenery Accessible from the Cambrian Railways" (W. J. Adams). This little work is bountifully illustrated, and, Mr. Turner tells us in the preface, "is the result of personal and recent observations during a panoramic tour, which included all the points of interest touched or conveniently approached by the Cambrian railways." The price is only 6d. The Great Eastern Railway send us the sixth annual issue of their handy and compact "Tourist Guide to the Continent;" whilst the Great Western Railway have now published, through Messrs. Cassell and Co., an "Official Illustrated Guide" to their line, which is full of engravings of the leading features of interest in the West of England, and is well worth looking at at this holiday time.

One of the most thorough and efficient manuals for the non-professional photographer has been written by Mr. T. C. Hepworth. "Photography for Amateurs" (Cassell and Co.) deals with everything which an amateur should know—not from a hazy semi-scientific point of view, but from a really practical standpoint. All



DIMANCHE À LONDRES
FROM A DRAWING BY OUR FRENCH ARTIST



WATER POLO

the many difficulties which amateurs are likely to encounter, and the many errors into which they are all most certain to fall, are foreseen and provided against, while numerous ingenious hints are given so as to make the amateur's labours as easy as possible. Mr. T. C. Hepworth has an intimate knowledge of photographic science, and his lecture on the subject at the late Royal Polytechnic Institution was highly popular. His book is as clear and lucid as his lecture, and will be welcomed by all amateurs.

A GERMAN PROVINCIAL THEATRE

ABOUT a quarter of a century ago it was my lot to pass three years in one of the pleasantest of University towns, Heidelberg to wit; a period which I shall always regard as among the most enjoyable of my life. In those days, long before the idea of a Franco-German War had inspired the placid Teuton with patriotic ardour, and transformed many a gay student's cap into a glittering "Pickelhaube," no place in the world was more thoroughly cosmopolitan; counting, as it did, amid its floating population, specimens of almost every European nationality, each of whom generally found some inducement or other to prolong his stay. For those who liked society there was plenty of it in a quiet and unpretending way: the foreign contingent being far more gregariously inclined than the natives, especially the University professors and their families, who, as a rule, kept aloof from miscellaneous gatherings, and, like Lady Kicklebury, "moved in their own sphere." Most members of the English colony "received" in turn, but after a very primitive fashion. Late hours were by common consent eschewed, and the short distance from one house to another enabling the ladies to repair to their destination on foot, hoods and goloshes were almost invariably substituted for the unnecessary luxury of a droschke. This mild and inexpensive species of dissipation, entailing a prodigious consumption of tea and the inevitable "Kuchen,"—for when people dine at one they are apt to be hungry again by seven—and agreeably flavoured with local gossip, was occasionally varied by a concert at the Museum, a recognised neutral ground where, contrary to their usual custom, indigenous and exotic amateurs were wont half-a-dozen times in the winter to assemble together, and criticise each other's dress and appearance to their heart's content.

At the period of which I write, independently of its beautiful site and picturesque neighbourhood, Heidelberg possessed manifold advantages as a permanent or temporary abode. Living was cheap and excellent, and house rent moderate; while for educational purposes few towns in Germany afforded equal facilities at a comparatively nominal cost. Among the resident Professors were such lights of science as Bunsen, Mittelmaier, and Helmholtz; and first and foremost of medical celebrities, the renowned Chelius, whose consultation room was daily crowded with patients from all parts of Europe. Personally, I was never weary of exploring the delightful environs on both sides of the river, penetrating into the wooded recesses far behind the Kaiserstuhl, or wandering on the opposite bank along the forest paths beyond Ziegelhausen. My evenings were mostly passed at the theatre at first, with the view of acquiring a thorough knowledge of the language in the easiest and most agreeable manner, and afterwards from sheer force of habit; and this little Temple of Thespis being the real subject of the present paper, it may be as well to delay no longer in jotting down a few particulars relating to it.

As far as my experience goes, it was by no means a profitable concern, no less than three managers having in the course of my sojourn successively held the reins of government, and lost money by it; two of the trio, indeed, became bankrupts, and the third, a trifle wiser in his generation than his predecessors, only escaped a similar fate by beating a timely retreat. This disastrous result was partly attributable to the fact that the inhabitants, with rare exceptions, were not a play-going community, and partly to the very unremunerative prices charged for admission; the cost of a stall by monthly subscription barely averaging elevenpence a night, and even on grand occasions never exceeding a florin. The salaries of the actors and actresses, about thirty in number, were proportionally low, ranging from eighteen to thirty shillings a week, according to their position in the company; and, considering that out of this modest stipend they were expected to furnish their *costumes de ville*, how they contrived to live on the remainder is a problem I have never been able to solve.

The theatre then stood—and probably still stands—in a street bearing its name, and leading from the promenade to the principal thoroughfare, extending the entire length of the town; it was capable of holding at a pinch from seven to eight hundred people; but, except on gala nights, when the arrival of a "star," like Emil Devrient or Marie Seebach, ensured a good house, was seldom more than half full. There was no pretension to luxury in the accommodation provided for the spectators, all unnecessary expense in the shape of painting or decoration being studiously avoided; the seats, however, were roomy, and far more comfortable than in many of the Parisian minor theatres.

The season began in October, and closed at the end of April, during which period performances were regularly given five nights in the week, including Sundays, commencing at half-past six or seven, and terminating at half-past nine, or at latest ten, in order that the male portion of the assembly might not be deprived of their customary visit to the "Kneipe." It is but fair to add that each of the above-mentioned managers spared no expense to attract the public, and, as far as variety of entertainments went, gave us full value for our money; like Guzman, they knew no obstacles, but, notwithstanding the limited proportions of the stage and a numerically insufficient company, boldly announced in the bills such five-act trifles as Goethe's *Faust*, *La Muette de Portici*, and *Robert le Diable*, and, what is more, got through them very creditably. The principal—I may say the only—tenor, Herr Baumhauer (*Anglic*, woodcutter), whose voice had been sorely tried by continual shouting, sang everything in turn from *Masaniello* to *Pollione*, from *Robert le Diable* to *Fra Diavolo*, in which latter opera he produced a startling effect I have never seen before or since. In the last scene, when the brigand chief is led away to execution, instead of going off at the back, according to traditional custom, he broke from his guards and endeavoured to escape, upon which they fired, and with a loud cry he slipped from rock to rock, and fell dead on the stage. It is possible that neither Scribe nor Auber might have altogether approved of this innovation, but one thing is certain, no professional acrobat could have done it more neatly.

The company in general consisted chiefly of recruits collected together from various parts of Germany, and more remarkable for good-will than for any extraordinary talent displayed by them; two, however, were of a very different stamp, and gave promise of future excellence, which in one instance at least was amply redeemed. Fraulein Marie Mathes, as charming an *ingenue* as even the Comédie Française ever boasted, who had been the main attraction of our theatre for a couple of seasons, subsequently tried her fortune at Frankfurt with such decisive success as to secure a brilliant engagement at Vienna, where, until her death at the early age of twenty-four, she deservedly ranked among the most popular actresses of her day. The other, an exceedingly droll comedian, bore the honoured name of Albinus, but whether a descendant of the great Leyden Professor or not, I am unable to say. Had he applied himself seriously to the study of his art, he might have aspired to a more elevated position than the one he occupied under Herr Director Friese; unfortunately for himself he was an incorrigible idler, and if he be still in the land of the living is doubtless at the present

moment no better off than when I knew him. Our "walking gentleman"—a wretched stick of an actor, by the way—was a "Von" by birth, and had been for some time betrothed to the plainest girl in the company. A year or two later I found the pair engaged at the little theatre of Castel opposite Mainz, and cherishing the delusive hope of saving up sufficient money to enable them at length to marry and begin housekeeping.

The students rarely patronised the management, save when Benedix's comedy, *Das Bemooste Haupt*, was given, when delegates from the different corps made a point of honour to attend and vociferously applaud its graphically depicted scenes of Bürschen life; they were not, however, insensible to the fascinations of the charming Frederike Gossmann on her starring visit to Heidelberg, but mustered in full force, their smart caps and scarred faces creating an unwonted sensation in the stalls. This delightful actress, the Thalia of Germany, who subsequently married the Baron von Prokesch-Osten, was so universal a favourite wherever she went as to elicit from a Viennese humorist the remark that "if she had a fancy for reciting the items of her milliner's bill instead of her part, every one, even the author, would be perfectly satisfied."

Although, as has already been said, the receipts of the theatre on ordinary occasions profited but little by the liberality of the townspeople, the regular *habitués* seldom missed putting in an appearance; the front row of the stalls presenting a singularly cosmopolitan aspect. Its usual occupants included an ex-Secretary of Napoleon III., a Pole, the husband of a Royal Princess of Spain, an officer of hussars, a landed proprietor in the neighbouring village of Handschuhshausen, half American, half German, the two sons of a retired French navy captain, a young Russian fresh from St. Petersburg, and a woolly-haired mulatto from Cuba. One or two of these I have come across in after life, but the others, where are they now? *Où sont les neiges d'antan?* C. H.



"OTTERSTONE HALL," by Urquhart A. Forbes (2 vols.: Alexander Gardner).—It has been said that the great readers of novels are young ladies and old lawyers. If that be so, Mr. Forbes has at any rate been mindful of matters that may have some professional interest for one half at least of his public. At any rate, young ladies who have never studied conveyancing are not likely to be fascinated with a story of which the interest is so entirely genealogical. From the nature of the opening we were led to expect very different and considerably better things. The disturbances in Frankfurt in 1848 are sketched with historical and political knowledge as well as with picturesqueness. But just as we think we have got hold of our hero and heroine, and something like the beginning of fresh plot found in an unwork field, we are carried away to an English country house with a family ghost, and to a couple of heroes more. No sooner, however, have we begun to take an interest in them, and to have some dim comprehension of their pedigree, than a new story with a new set of characters is started, and so on until it becomes barely possible to tell who is who. For not only are all the heroes and heroines and their stories and their genealogies mixed up in the most inextricable manner, but their various relationships produce a remarkable family likeness among them, so that the attentive reader requires a pencil and a note-book in order to keep his mind clear. The characters, moreover, are past counting; and each, be it said to the credit of Mr. Forbes's ingenuity, is really necessary to the story, with the exception of one or two, who are strictly subordinate, here and there. Every straw, however seemingly immaterial at the time, has its indirect effect upon the course of the plot, and the reader who passes over the smallest incident will be sure to find himself puzzled perhaps twenty chapters forward. "Otterstone Hall" thus certainly becomes difficult reading. It is only too cleverly constructed, and it is a little surprising that its author should have cared to fall back upon such stock solutions of difficult situations as the meeting of two parted lovers in a Crimean Hospital, and things of that kind. We cannot congratulate the author of "Otterstone Hall" on the result of his attempt to excite intelligent interest in his family history; but he displays much more acquaintance than is usual among novelists both with books and with men. Many of his reflective passages are well worth reading; so it is all the more pity that they are buried under so much pedgree.

"Dream Faces," by the Hon. Mrs. Fetherstonhaugh (2 vols.: Bentley and Son), is neither happily constructed nor happily named—nor is it happily printed, except in the opinion of those who think coloured ink an attraction. Perhaps the matter is not of much consequence, but it has a dilettante, amateurish sort of look; and a novel called "Dream Faces," and printed in violet, does seem to announce its probable character pretty plainly beforehand. The curiosity is that it turns out to be, to some extent, a sporting novel, though without any prejudice to its being also an exceedingly sentimental one. Indeed, the two elements of fox-killing and lady-killing are so connected as to produce something like originality. But otherwise, supposing this to be any merit, Mrs. Fetherstonhaugh cannot be said to improve on her earlier work as she proceeds. "Dream Faces" is sadly weak and inconsequent, and so carelessly put together that the reader might begin almost at any chapter without being conscious that there was anything wanting to the story. The leading character is a young gentleman against whom no woman's heart seems able to stand, and if the effect of his fascination is not altogether intelligible, the authoress may no doubt defend herself on the ground that in real life things are very often much the same. On the whole, however, the novel does not represent any sort of real life, out of the hunting field, worth describing, while her sporting incidents want the combination of vigour and humour essential to them. We fear that Mrs. Fetherstonhaugh's popularity, though well deserved, came to her with too much ease—a state of things for which the remedy is entirely in her own hands.

"Lancelot Ward, M.P.," by George Temple (1 vol.: Blackwood and Sons), is not a political novel, despite the apparent significance of its title. It is a love story, anything but interesting in itself, and ill-constructed, but otherwise by no means badly told, and obtaining a fair amount of interest from its manner of telling. The author seems to have felt, and rightly, that he had something to say, and to have thought, like so many others, that fiction was the best form into which he could put his ideas. Thus "Lancelot Ward" belongs to the class of novel where fiction is regarded as only the means to an end instead of what we believe it to be—its own all sufficient end, so long as it has some strong motive by way of back-bone. Not that this novel is in any respect a story with a purpose, beyond that of enabling its author to bring his ideas together. It is unquestionably clever in many ways, and often amusing. The reader ought to be warned that he must prepare for a tragedy, but that, nevertheless, his sympathies with the unfortunate hero will be by no means strange. If Mr. Temple thinks that Lancelot's suicide was anything better than the act of an exceptionally selfish and contemptible coward, we hasten to assure him that we differ from him altogether. Indeed, this misdirection of sympathy is the principal fault of the novel.

We have also received the following:—"Numa Roumestan," by Alphonse Daudet (Vizetelly and Co.), translated by Mrs. J. Granville Layard; "The Bowsham Puzzle," by John Harberton (Funk and Wagnalls); "Shall I Say Yes?" by C. Somerset, "Dieudonné," by Richard ap Rhys (Remington and Co.); and

"Unmasked," by Richard ap Rhys (3 vols.: Remington and Co.). Messrs. Routledge have brought out in a cheap form two books, which were very popular when they first appeared, and which are well worth reading now, viz.: the late Samuel Warren's "Ten Thousand a Year," and "Diary of a Late Physician."



NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.—Part 63, Vol. VIII., of "The Organist's Quarterly Journal" keeps up its reputation as the best publication of its kind extant. We have here the *finale* to, or continuation of, two movements in Parts 60 and 61, by the Editor, Wm. Sparks, Mus. Doc., who brings his clever work to a good conclusion. The three movements are well worthy the attention of advanced executants on the organ.—Unpretentious, but smoothly written, is "Allegretto con Moto," by Frank N. Abernethy.—A clever and spirited work, highly to be commended, is "Fugue, Four Voices (Moto Continuo)," by Dr. J. C. Tiley.—The same may be said of "Festal March," by Dr. Charles Joseph Frost; in fact, the whole contents of this number are of more than average merit.—"A Maid With a Heart" is a quaint poem, by Samuel Lover, set to music for a contralto by Maud M. Whitmore.

MISCELLANEOUS.—A song which will win public favour greatly on account of its violin and organ obbligato is "The Nightingale's Song," written and composed by Edwin Morris and William Carter; it is of medium compass. "Clytemnestra," a gavotte and musette for the pianoforte, by Frank H. Cliffe, is tuneful, but of an ordinary type met with many times before (Messrs. Weekes and Co.).—"May Britain Be by God Preserved," a national song, written and composed by George Halse and Josiah Booth, has already made its mark as a composition above the average of its kind (Messrs. J. Curwen and Sons).—A love song of the tenderest description, "Thee!" words by Robert Ganthony, music by Frederick Rivenhall, composed for and sung by Mr. Santley now and again, is worthy of favourable notice (Messrs. Rivenhall Brothers).—Of a familiar and much-used type is "Memory of Love," written and composed by "Sepha" and Louis F. Godard (Messrs. Goddard and Co.).—There is a genuine touch of pathos in "Old Letters," words by Emily Glenton, music by E. A. Kerr (Messrs. Metzler and Co.).—Somewhat pompous are the words of "Liberty," by Edwin Morris; the music, by T. Newcombe, is well suited to it (Messrs. Osborn and Tuckwood).—A sentimental song for the schoolroom is "Mother, Oh! Sing Me to Rest," poetry by Mrs. Hemans, music by F. R. Cox (Lamborn Cock).—"Out of the Hurly-Burly," a song for cyclists, written and composed by Thomas C. Seary, will find favour with the large class of tourists for whom it is intended (Messrs. Hutchings and Co.).—A good study for the schoolroom is "Impromptu," for the pianoforte, by Clarence S. Hill (Messrs. Conrad, Herzog, and Co.).—A spirited gavotte is "Daphne," by Frank Manly (J. R. Morgan).—"Echoes of Spring" is an easy and tuneful suite for the pianoforte. No. 1 is "Primrose Bank," by Max Fielding (T. H. Barnett).

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

THOSE who are acquainted with the author's "Pygmalion" will be prepared for the peculiar, semi-allegorical treatment of a Greek myth employed in "Silenus," by Thomas Woolner (Macmillan). The *motif* may be taken as embodying the triumph of animalism,—typified by the power of Dionysus,—over an originally lofty soul, yet its impossibility to destroy all sparks of the Divine; whilst in the figure of Pan we recognise an embodiment of the idea—perhaps a little pessimistic—of the universal sway of corrupt human nature, even when its victims recognise the nothingness of their ruler. In the opening we see Silenus as the beautiful young demigod, lover of Syrinx, and almost the mate of Ares; but he leaves his love, and she meets her fate,—as in the old legend,—in fleeing the approaches of the goat-footed divinity. Here there is some divergence from old tradition; Pan is no longer the merry, beneficent shepherd-god, the "hearkener to the loud clapping shears," but a lustful, brutish thing upon whom the bitter curse pronounced by the wronged lover seems by no means unduly harsh;—this was, of course, necessary for the development of the idea, still one must regret the "Great Pan" for whom aerial voices mourned by the Ægean shore. Dionysus, the favoured friend of Silenus, comes to comfort him, giving him much such advice as that embodied in the words of King Lemuel,—advice too readily followed, to the misery of the whilom athlete and seer. Still, in his degradation, the fellow and butt of faun and Bacchanal, some flashes of the ancient spirit survive, and there is sympathy for the old man, when, pitted and soothed by Pallas, he dies honourably in the last disastrous fight with Lycurgus,—evermore wept and honoured by the Thracian women. It will be seen that there is scope here both for the luxuriance of description which is Mr. Woolner's strongest feature as a poet, and for the analytical treatment of human problems which he so much affects. Within the scope of so brief a notice as that to which space compels, it is impossible to do more than notice a few of the most striking passages in this really noble poem. The curse of Silenus, and his invocation of the Bacchic rout, may be cited as the strongest portions of the work; the opening of the latter is specially telling:

Come hoofs, come heels, and wine-skins; cow-horns come!
Your spry goats leave to browse the vine, or leap
In airy arches over clefted rocks:
But come you hither, hoist the fir-cone high!
On thymy hills, O shepherds, leave your flocks,
Of mellow-fleece, and bleating let them feed
The breezy down; or, if on roving bent,
Let them seek humid nooks of greenest growth.
Doubt not of increase; their own crook-horned lords
Have keen espial for the ewes' retreat!
Your spears, bescrimbed by the sneaking wolf,
Array in ivy or the looser vine;
With fir-cone guard their whetted perilous blades;
Commanding victory, we with juicy grape
Offer the cup but hide the pointed steel!

Equally fine, though in a different vein, are the lament for Syrinx, the passage beginning "Close from me, Leto, close thy tender eyes;" the verses from the prophecy at page 57; and, best of all, these lines, where Silenus bewails his own degradation:

Shallow gaze
On some poor falling dwells and sees the whole,
Though but a halt upon his lengthened march
Whose movements were of God-like stateliness,
Abundant in fair issues of delight.
Let man once stumble, or forget; once err
From weakness, or fierce passion's goad, the fault,
Alone remembered, wings his cruel fame;
His worth all cancelled, or uncredited!

Of the structure of the poem it is unnecessary to speak; Mr. Woolner has long since proved himself a master of blank verse, and all lovers of true poetry may be urged to read his latest work.

HEIDELBERG UNIVERSITY intends to keep its quinquenary in August, 1886, and the programme of festivities has already been prepared. Historical processions and entertainments in the Castle ruins will be the chief features of the celebration. Founded in 1386 by the Elector Ruprecht I., Heidelberg is the oldest University in Germany.

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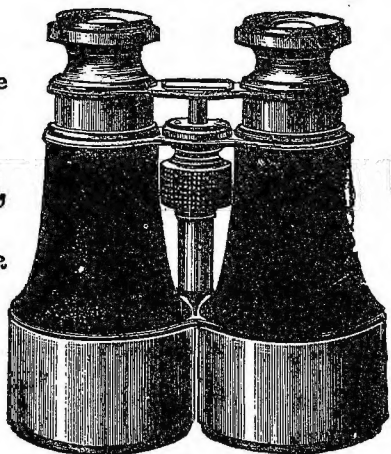
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